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THE COMMUNICATOR

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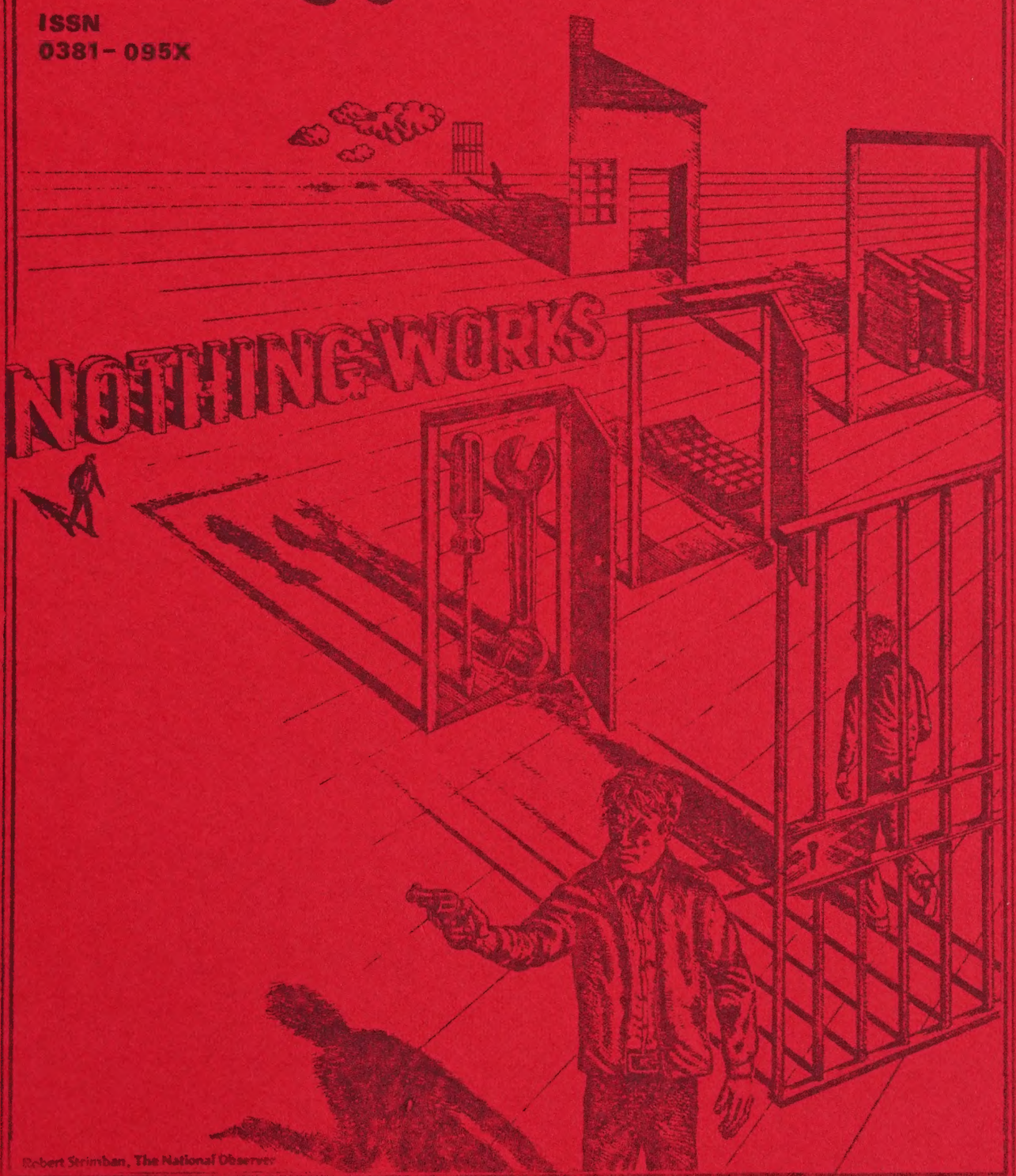

Robert Strimban, The National Observer

bob eby

"NOTHING WORKS" is what our front cover proclaims. Many people in positions to know will whole-heartedly agree, but there are those who will just as forcefully protest such an absolute statement of condemnation.

Although this writer does not subscribe to such a "blame the other guy" explanation of things, the complete cynicism of the "NOTHING WORKS" people gains credibility when you know certain facts, one of which is that of the 9445 federal prisoners incarcerated in penitentiaries as of December 31st, 1976, 42 percent had been committed to a penitentiary before. 35 percent of the population at that time had served as many as 3 previous penitentiary sentences, which means that imprisoning offenders in penitentiaries either isn't an experience significant enough in the imprisoned offender's mind to overshadow the causes that drove him there in the first place, such as poverty, perhaps greed, or lack of self-esteem through having no status in the community thereby making his/her anti-social behaviour a logical alternative to going without; or, that prison experience itself creates a personality set that will drive the ex-prisoner back to his/her former low status and circumstances, eventually returning the individual to prison. Whatever the explanation is, and there are as many reasons as there are people serving sentences, it should be obvious that something is happening that isn't doing what it was supposed to do; namely, change offenders of the criminal law into law-abiding citizens (or, at the very least, people who no longer go to prison).

It is also true that of the people recommitted during 1976, 38 percent were sent back for either parole or mandatory supervision violations, with 40 percent of them entering penitentiary on revocations rather than forfeitures, meaning they had not committed a crime (if any) serious enough to constitute an indictable offence (something you can get two or more years for). Mandatory supervision violations by revocation commitments are up 1329 percent between 1972 and 1976, and my guess is that they have continued to climb over the two years since these figures were compiled. Something is obviously not working when people are being returned to penitentiaries without having committed an indictable offence for what the parole authorities deem "preventive action," and many weren't even charged in criminal law courts at all -- even certain classes of indictable and summary offences are considered to be wrongly labelled "criminal"--minor property offences and no-victim violations such as drug laws and so-called "morals" offences are in dispute as to whether they should be considered crimes at all.

It is a fact that of those prisoners who have served more than one penitentiary sentence, property violators have done an average of twice as many penitentiary terms as those in for so-called violent crimes -- "so-called" because a violent offender in Canada doesn't necessarily mean that one has actually inflicted any damage on another human being; a threatening gesture made while committing a theft constitutes robbery under the Criminal Code, a crime deemed violent by the Canadian justice system. With these facts in mind, I can relate to someone feeling that "NOTHING WORKS" -- but at least one thing patently clear is that there are more people in penitentiaries than there needs to be, that many many people are there who don't belong, and that many many more are doing more years than can be justified by the actual crimes they've committed and given the results the System is able to produce. Property violators are being sent to prisons at a ridiculous rate, for the most part for stealing less than $300.00, causing no physical harm to another human being, and being imprisoned for at least two years in penitentiary. And, while the statistics the authorities release to reassure the public that most criminals serving sentences are there for violent crimes peaked at 54 percent in 1976, what they don't tell you is that their definition of what is violent calls for considerable use of imagination on the part of the reader; many hundreds of people are being labelled violent offenders when in fact no-one was actually physically harmed when the crime that put the person behind bars was committed.

(Continued inside back cover...

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!!!! CAUTION !!!!

The COMMUNICATOR is an adult publication, and as such will use language commonly used by prisoners and other adult groups. SWEAR WORDS, though, will be restricted to the FICTION SECTION so that those who are offended by the sight of FOUL LANGUAGE can avoid being exposed.

It is also true that we publish items from time to time that express views we don't agree with; however, since we are a forum for diverse opinions, and since opinions are like noses -- everybody's got one -- we will defend to the death the signing author's right to take care of himself. If you read something that provokes you, write down your feelings and send them in; otherwise, take a Bromo and forget it; or, perhaps, rethink your position and tell us about how that happened. The bottom line is: we want to read it and publish it.

No person in authority over prisoners necessarily agrees with the opinions expressed herein, although they do allow us to publish providing no staff names are used and opinions do not get passed off as facts.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL...	1
FEATURE: DRUGS & THE LAW...	3
ROOTS: The Prison Work Ethic	6
GETTING STRAIGHT...	8
T.C. OR NOT T.C....	12
LATE GREAT NUMBER EIGHT...	14
NUMBER NINE & THERAPY IS...	15
ELEVENTH HEAVEN...	16
LETTER FROM CHILE...	17
SO WHAT'S NEW?	18
AS I SEE IT...	19
SOLITARY CONFINEMENT ABOLITION PROJECT...	21
T.L.A. PROGRAM GOES IN THE HOLE...	22
THE MYTH OF PRISON POLICY...	23
THE ANTIQUE SHOP...	24
THE NEIGHBORHOOD BAND...	26
SOUTHBOUND EXPRESS and COMMITTEE NOTES...	27
FICTION & POETRY SECTIONS...	28
CONTINUEDS SECTION...	39
SPORTS SECTION...	44
CLASSIFIED SECTION...	46

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DRUGS

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and the law

OUR SO-CALLED "DRUG PROBLEM" IS GETTING UNPRECEDENTED PUBLICITY. WE are told by intellectual, medical and political leaders alike, that we are in the midst of a crisis, that a phenomenon they call "drug abuse" is "spreading like a plague," and that further steps must be taken to stem the rising tide of drug abuse.

But few people are aware of the true nature and dimensions of the problem, let alone its all-important origin. It is my goal to show that the very real problems associated with "drug abuse" are direct results of drug prohibition laws. In fact, the research on which this article is based shows that before federal and state laws against use of "hard drugs" were passed early in the century there was no drug problem.

Is there now a drug problem? Yes!

* Since 1960, despite increasingly severe drug laws, the number of heroin addicts has surged from 54,000 to about one half-million. Last year nearly 450,000 persons were arrested on marijuana charges alone.
* In New York City today, several thousand "addicts" are serving prison terms for drug-related offenses; several hundred are serving potential life sentences under the Rockerfeller Drug Law of 1973.
* There have been thousands of drug-related deaths in the last few years.
* An increasing number of young women have been driven to prostitution to provide a steady supply of drugs. Many young men, particularly young blacks, are now professional criminals, stealing $200-500 worth (retail) of merchandise per day to maintain a $50-75 daily heroin habit.
* Billions of dollars are being spent yearly to cope with "drug abuse."
* Violent crime has risen incredibly; experts estimate that at least 70% of all thefts, muggings and more serious crimes are drug-related.
* The U.S. government has become intricately involved in the internal politics of other nations (in the Mid-East, Southeast Asia and South America) to prevent the growth of one plant seen as the root of the problem: the poppy.
* Corruption of drug law enforcers, especially police officers, has skyrocketed, because huge bribes are offered by organized crime to allow drug traffic to continue.
* Our courts are clogged. City budgets are strained. Our streets are no longer safe.

In the face of this social disaster, the response of many is to advocate harsher laws, and to increase the punishment of those who use or distribute drugs. The libertarian contention is that there is no drug problem justifying political concern, except that created by politicians themselves. The only way to solve the existing problem is to abolish the drug laws!

Long ago, we came to see that perpetual war between different religions would only lead to increasing suffering for all concerned. Today, tolerance of what different people choose to consume is next in line for adoption. If only religious tolerance and peaceful coexistence could save us from religious war, then only tolerance and peaceful coexistence between those who wish to ingest different substances can stop the increasingly costly drug war.

How did we get into this mess anyway? In the 19th century, there simply were no drug laws. And neither was there any drug problem. Indeed, as Edward Brecher writes in his survey Licit and Illicit Drugs, the opiates (opium, morphine and heroin) "were not viewed as a menace." They were "as freely accessible as aspirin is today."

Opium, which had been known for centuries, was regarded as a virtual panacea, as was morphine, the chief ingredient of opium. The British fought the "opium wars" in the Far East in the mid-19th century to spread the marketing and use of the drug. The opiates came to be sold over the counter in drug stores, dispensed by doctors; they were even sold openly in grocery and general stores. They could be ordered by mail, and they were used as ingredients in countless patent medicines for treatment of nearly everything imaginable, from "women's problems" to teething syrup for babies. Opiates were regularly used in communities throughout America, and by some of the most prominent citizens -- including noted temperance advocates, who fought the use of whiskey.

Up to 1% of small communities used opiates regularly. Today they would be called "addicts" and imprisoned for several years. But there was no disruption of family life or society; no crime because of the use; no pushers.

Doctors favored opiates regularly. An 1880 textbook listed 54 diseases which could be treated by morphine. Doctors prescribed opium as a cure for alcohol addiction. As Dr. J.R. Black wrote, "It calms in place of excising the baser passions, and hence is less productive of acts of violence and crime; in short...the use of morphine in place of alcohol is but a choice of evils, and by far the lesser."

Were all our opium-using ancestors poor, unwitting victims of drug "addiction?" This concept has never been adequately defined. Babies who used heroin and morphine in teething syrups did not become addicted,and there are too many cases of occasional users who did not become dependent, either. In our own time, qualified doctors insist that withdrawal, and therefore "breaking away" from heroin, is at least as much a psychological phenomenon as it is a physical one, and that many of the problems result from going "cold turkey" in any case.

If the opiates were no problem in the 19th century, then why the laws? Brecher sheds some startling light on the issue, noting that despite the general acceptance of opiate usage, "there was one exception to this general tolerance of the opiates. In 1875, the City of San Francisco adopted an ordinance prohibiting the smoking of opium in smoking-houses or "dens."

The roots of this ordinance were racist rather than health-oriented. Opium smoking was introduced into the United States by tens of thousands of Chinese men and boys who immigrated during the 1850s and 1860s to build the great Western railroads. The Chinese laborers then drifted into San Francisco and other cities, and accepted employment of various kinds at low wages -- giving rise to waves of anti-Chinese hostility.

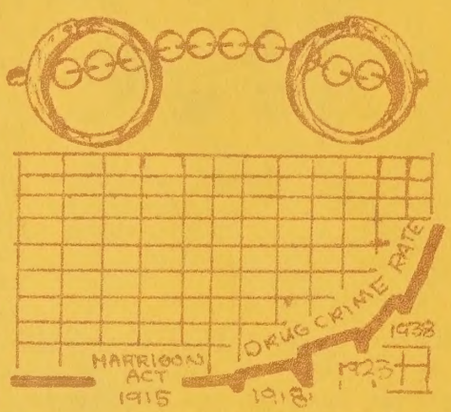
Labor unions, wishing to inhibit competition, sought to discourage, if not prevent, the Chinese from immigrating. The 1875 law failed to achieve this purpose, but merely drove it "underground." In 1883, in a further effort to discourage Chinese smoking of opium, Congress raised the tariff on the drug from $6 to $10 a pound. When that too failed to curb the Chinese practice, Congress in 1887 prohibited the importation of smokable opium altogether. At the same time, it prohibited the importation of any kind of opium by Chinese, but not by Americans. In 1890, Congress stopped the manufacture of smokable opium by anyone who was not an American citizen. By 1914, 27 states and cities had passed laws against opium-smoking --but only smoking, which was peculiar to the Chinese. In this racist fashion, drug smuggling and underground usage were encouraged.

Thomas Szasz, in his Ceremonial Chemistry: The Ritual Persecution of Drugs, Addicts and Pushers, describes American Federation Labor President Samuel Gompers as "the general who led this wave of the working man against the Chinese coolie" and as a "major spokesman in America for concepts of racial superiority, especially in labor." Szasz cites a 1902 pamphlet in which Gompers declares that the "racial differences between American whites and Asiatics would never be overcome. The superior whites had to exclude the inferior Asiatics by law, or, if necessary, by force of arms...The Yellow Man found it natural to lie, cheat and murder and 99 out of every 100 are gamblers." With this mindset, Gompers also used the opium issue as a spectre to try to scare Americans into prohibiting Chinese immigration and competition for jobs. This then is the reason for the passage of our major narcotics law.

Even though there was evidence of a decline in opium usage in the two decades prior to 1914, Congress in that year passed the infamous Harrison Narcotics Act, which established stiff government controls over the marketing of opiates. Soon it came to be interpreted in an across the board prohibitionist manner.

Suddenly, for the first time, we had a narcotics problem, along with the first reports of crime committed by "addicts" to obtain narcotics. The Harrison Act went into effect in 1915. Two medical journals of that year describe its effects: "The really serious results of this legislation... will only appear gradually and will not always be recognized as such. These will be the failures of promising careers, the disrupting of happy families, the commission of crimes which will never be traced to their real cause, and the influx of many who would otherwise live socially competent lives, into hospitals for the mentally disordered." (from New York Medical Journal, May 15, 1915)

The next quote is from American Medicine, November 1915: "Narcotic drug addiction is one of the gravest and most important questions confronting the medical profession today. Instead of improving conditions the laws recently passed have made the problem more complex." (The report goes on to stress the bre- aks that would occur between addicts and their doctors, and the crimes and prostitu- tion they would be forced to commit to se- cure the drugs. It spoke of the types of places and people the addicts would have to deal with, concluding that "afflicted indiv- iduals are under the control of the worst elements of society." All this in less than one year).



The problems be- came so readily appar- ent that in 1918, the Secretary of the Treas- ury appointed a commi- ttee to look into them. To combat the problems already created by law, the committee called for yet more state laws and for sterner enforcement. Congress responded by tightening up the Harrison Act, prohibiting importation of heroin altogether, even for medical purposes. Brecher writes: "This legislation grew out of the widespread misapprehension that, because of the deteriorating health, behavior and status of addicts following passage of the Harrison Act and the subsequent conversion of addicts from morphine to heroin, heroin must be a more damaging drug than opium or morphine."

The truth, of course, is that heroin is merely morphine heated in the presence of acetic acid, and the body reconverts it back into morphine after it has been ingested. The negative effects that began to be noticed were consequences of the law, not of drugs.

Another result of the Act was that by 1938, 25,000 physicians had been arraigned on narcotics charges, and 3,000 served prison sentences. As late as 1926, the Illinois Medical Journal commented: "The Harrison Narcotics law should have never been placed upon the statute books of the United States...As is the case with most prohibitive laws...this one fell far short of its mark. So far, in fact, that instead of stopping the traffic, those who deal in dope now make double their money from the poor unfortunates upon whom they prey...(it) is as with prohibition (of alcohol) legislation. People are beginning to ask, 'Who did that, anyway?'"

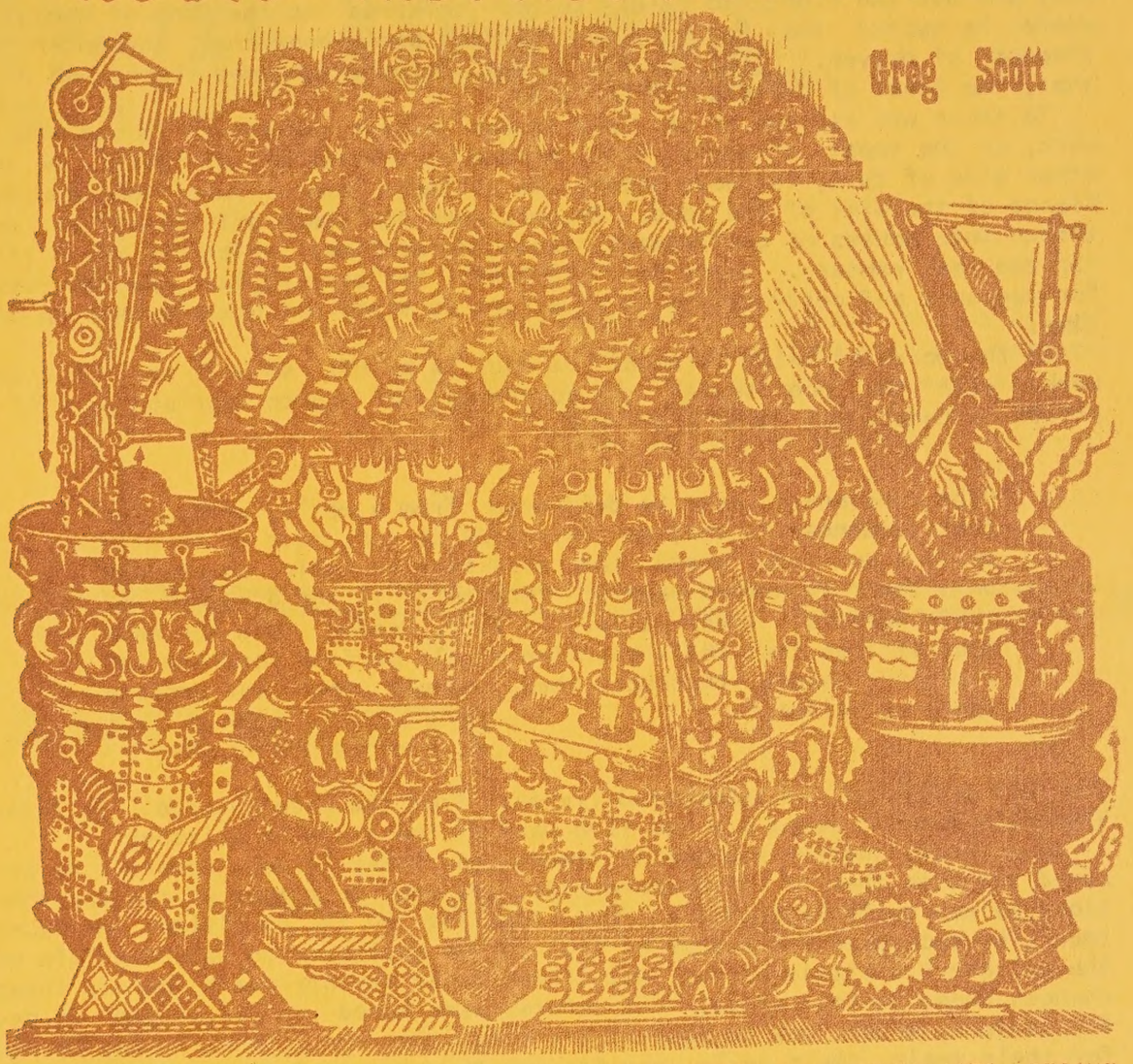
By 1936, outstanding police authority August Vollmer had reached the same conclusion: "Stringent laws, spectacular police drives, vigorous prosecution, and imprisonment of addicts and peddlers have proved not only useless and enormously expensive as means of correcting this evil, but they are also unjustifiably and unbelievably cruel in their application to the unfortunate drug victims. Repression has driven this vice underground and produced the narcotic smugglers and supply agents, who have grown wealthy out of this evil practice and who, by devious methods have stimulated traffic in drugs. Finally...the helpless addict had been forced to resort to crime in order to get money for the drug which was absolutely indispensable for his comfortable existence." (cited by Brecher).

Nonetheless, by 1970, Congress had passed 55 federal laws to strengthen the Harrison Act. Punishments were continually stiffened, going from a maximum sentence of 2 years in 1909 to 5 years in 1914, and 10 years by 1922. Subsequently, under state laws, the number grew to 20, 40 and as much as 90 years, until in the last decade life imprisonment and even death were introduced as penalties. Minimum sentences have also risen continually.

(Cont. on p.39)

ROOTS: The Prison Work Ethic

Greg Scott



BEFORE THE QUAKERS AND OTHER ASSORTED PROTESTANT FUNDAMENTALISTS BECAME popular, crime and punishment had an entirely different tone to it. In the Dark Ages, criminals were simply hanged, burned, stoned or banished. Less serious offences were punished with the whip or mutilation. Imprisonment was unknown until after the plague killed off half the population of Europe.

In the Middle Ages, from 450 to 1450, leprosy was the number one public enemy. The Christian belief of the time had this leprosy coming as an affliction directly from God, as did all things. The Roman Catholic Church, being a logical body, had issued edicts stating that it was the will of God that lepers be cast out of their homes, out of the cities and towns,and removed from the presence of "clean" human beings. Leprosy was also believed to be contagious at the time. The Church said that the leper's lot in life was to be abandoned by his fellow men, and to be denied the Christian charity all men should receive. For this suffering, the leper would be rewarded in heaven. It also followed,logically,that anyone who abandoned a leper was assisting in the work of the Lord, and scoring points toward their own salvation.

In order to deal with the thousands of lepers who had been abandoned in the countryside,and to keep them from wandering into "our" village or city, it was necessary to build leprosariums. In France, there were over two thousand of these houses of confinement during this period. It is unnecessary to point out that some citizens made a tidy profit from the operation of these establishments.

When leprosy all but vanished from Europe in the late fifteenth century, there were a considerable number of institutions left empty. Most of the equipment and furniture in these houses was distributed to the poor, to convents, etcetera. All the real estate, however, stood empty. It seems that no-one was interested in moving into them.

At the end of the sixteenth century, things were beginning to take a new turn, at least as far as politics and religion were concerned. It was the end of an age, a time of great wars, great depressions, famine and revolution. A monk named Martin Luther wrote in protest to the Catholic Church over the right of the royalty to always own all the land and the people.

He argued that it is not who one is but what one does that makes a difference in getting into heaven. The Church and rulers of the time had the people convinced that they were somehow born closer to God than the common man, and had the right to rule. Luther referred to the Book of Genisis, where he quoted that "only by the sweat of one's brow shall one enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Thus the Protestant Reformation was born, and with that, the ideal of democracy flourished.

To those who aspired to get into heaven (almost everybody at the time), work, or the sweat of one's brow, became an expression of faith. On the other side of this, laziness became the ultimate form of rebellion, and defiance of the will of the Lord. Beggers were now swept off the streets and thrown into houses of confinement, those leprosariums which had stood idle for the last century. Henry VIII (1509-47) had over 70,000 men executed for vagrancy and petty crimes in an effort to stamp out unemployment in his time.

In the words of Saint Vincent de Paul, a priest so well known for his works with the "poor souls" the government of France imprisoned, that a prison in Canada was named after him,

> "The pensioners must be delivered from a world, which, for their weakness is only an invitation to sin, must be recalled to a solitude where they will have as their companions only their "guardian angels" incarnate in the presence of their warders: these latter, in fact, render them the same good offices that their guardian angels perform for them invisibly: namely, instruct them, console them and procure their salvation."

The term pensioner is somewhat different from the modern usage. In Saint Vincent's time it meant one who is a ward of the state, a prisoner.

In England, another man who is remembered today is John Howard. He was named the High Sheriff of Bedfordshire, and went on a tour of the institutions he was to be responsible for. Appalled by the conditions he found there, he sponsored two pieces of legislation designed to make the life of the prisoners a little better, but it was to be seventy years before these changes began to take place. His reforms were based on the system of pay for jailers, which was so poor at the time, that the prisoners had to pay for their meals, their cells, the freedom to walk, a window, and every part of life. Howard offered to pay the jailers out of his pocket until something was worked out. His idea was to make the prisoners work for their keep, teaching them the necessity of each man's "debt to society" and also the religious idea of Martin Luther.

Over the years, unemployment came to be directly related to the number of people in prison,although not because the unemployed turned to a life of crime. Many governments saw the great masses of people out of work as a threat to all those with jobs, and devised laws to keep these unemployed out of the way. In Canada and the United States during the Great Depression of the 20's and 30's thousands of men were put into labour camps to keep them off the streets. Many men saw their first jail cell because of their poverty: vagrancy and trespassing on railroad property became serious offences in those years.

In the modern world, "Houses of Confinement" perform the same function as they did hundreds of years ago; they remove from public view some part of the population which has been labelled "undesireable," and since we live in a time when a person's desireability is directly related to their dollar value, it becomes fairly clear that those people who are unable to perform properly and those who are not "respectably motivated" are the people who will populate the different confinement facilities. Mr. Yeomans,the present Commissioner of Penitentiaries has spoken at great length about the necessity of having the inmates of "his" institutions working fulltime. Maybe the sweat of our brow, he thinks, will allow us to enter the kingdom of respectability, or maybe he just sees himself as one of those old fashioned plantation owners of days gone by, or maybe he aspires to Sainthood...

Enter Saint Yeomans du Hotwhowa....

GETTING STRAIGHT

"GETTING STRAIGHT" will appear in each issue. The basic theme of each item will be attempts at looking at old notions in new ways; in other words, challenging basic values --working at getting it straight.

A FREE SOCIETY

by Ernest Mann (a.k.a. Larry F. Johnson, ex-Real Estate Broker, Mpls.)

OUR PROBLEM

MANY PEOPLE REALIZE THAT THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG HERE ON PLANET EARTH. Products are designed to wear out too soon, auto engines are only 15% efficient, buildings are demolished and the materials are destroyed, government buildings are designed to waste as much material, space and money as possible, government has become highly efficient in the art of wasting money, workers are encouraged by unions to work slowly, corporations set prices as high as they wish and they are the major polluters of our air, soil and water. In other words the more we consume and waste our natural resources - the better off our economy is. To continue using this system would not only be unintelligent but suicidal.

PAY SYSTEM

Let's look at the economic system of the world today. There seems to be a couple of things in common in all major economic systems in the world. In every major country, people work for "pay." This makes it necessary to sell the products and services. So products and services are "sold" in all of these countries. These two factors are present regardless of what political system is in power. The result is that most people may pay someone for the right to have a place to sleep on this planet and must pay someone in order to eat the food that grows here. Let's call this system the "Pay System." With this Pay System it becomes necessary to barter, use cash, credit or some method of accounting.

FREE SYSTEM

Let's see what would happen if we made a simple little change in the Pay System. Say, we all decided to work "for free." Then we could give the products and services away "for free." Let's call this the "Free System." Would any other changes then occur? First of all the owners of any business, factory or rental property would not make a profit if it gave the products or services away for free. In the big corporations there would not be any hassle for us to do this because the owners are so far removed from the operation that they could not stop their employees from giving the products away once they start working for free. There would not be any reason to continue ownership and have all of the hassles with-

out the profit. So then we would be working in a factory or whatever without an owner.

WHY WORK?

We would have everything that we needed for free including housing, recreation, food, travel and everything, so we would not "have to" work. So why would anyone work? When we work for free, we'll have to first of all be treated really good by the other workers or we won't stay. We'll have to be allowed to do our job the way we want to. We'll be free to accept or reject advice about our job. We'll probably want to learn the best and easiest way to do the job. We'll be free to improve our working conditions and our product or service. In other words we'll make our work into a fun, satisfying and fulfilling activity. It will be to everyone's advantage to "do the most with the least." To build products that will last a long time and be trouble free. It will also be a great satisfaction to work knowing that one is "pulling his/her own weight" to help this Free System exist. We will work because we'll get good feelings from working. Would you work "for free" if everything you needed was free? I have asked hundreds of people this question. Almost everyone said, "Certainly, I would. But other people wouldn't." Then I tell them that I have talked to those "other people" and discovered that they would also work for free but they were concerned that the "others" wouldn't. The fact is, at this point, most people don't know that the "others" are as willing as they are. Wow!

NO OWNER

Now back to the place of work. Without an owner, would we have a need to elect people to manage the place of work for us? Let's see,

the owners decided what was to be produced; now the workers will decide that. If some workers disagree on what is to be produced they have a right to take their energy to a place that produces something that they agree with. The owners decided how much to produce; now the workers will produce enough to fill the demand. One of the jobs may be to accumulate information on supply and demand for their product. The owners hired and fired; now the workers will be happy when any new applicant appears. If the applicant fits in with the group he/she will be happy too. It may be like a happy family or sort of a team spirit of everyone helping to make the best product they can -- to do their part in the whole system of things. Seems like it could develop into a very loving arrangement. If the applicant does not "fit in" with the other workers, perhaps because of some personal habits or beliefs, he/she would be unhappy there and would seek work at another place until he/she found a suitable place. There will not then be a need to hire or fire. People may enjoy using and developing those skills and talents which they excell in. I can't really see that there will be any reason to elect or vote away our power to a representative (a politician) to manage our industries.

LANDLORDS

I can't picture a landlord who would care to continue ownership of an apartment building or house if he/she didn't make a profit from it. So then no one (not even the state) would own it. The occupants would take care of their own apartments and perhaps share the maintenance on the exterior, roof, basement and grounds. Or perhaps people who like to tinker and fix things would elect building maintenance as their vocation. We would just "use" our apartment, not own it or rent it. Some people may choose for their occupation, the listing of all vacant housing units and make this information available to anyone who wanted to move.

POWER

The Pay System uses money and ownership. Thus power is born because people can figure out ways to accumulate these two items. The ones who accumulate the most, gain the most power over the rest of us. With the Free System there is no way provided to accumulate power over others because everyone has e-

qual access to the things that they need. We get better feelings from giving than from selling. We get better feelings from cooperating than from competing or from power trips. Our power trips may be turned inside. We may get good power feelings from becoming more aware of ourselves and from becoming more proficient in our skills, without the hassles that go with having power over other people.

NON-DEPENDENCY RELATIONSHIPS

Because everyone (women, men and children) would have equal access to all of their needs for free there would be quite a change in how we would relate to our loved ones. If parents didn't treat their kids with love and respect the kids could move out and live where they were loved. Because everything would be free it would not work a hardship on a family who loved kids if another kid moved in with them. So if parents wanted to keep their kids they would have to treat them right. Well, the same would work for a man or woman. If their mate didn't treat them right they could just move out and take an apartment or move in with someone who was more compatible. I think this would make relationships more honest with less need to play games. We will live together because of love, not necessity.

LONELINESS

I see a lot of lonely people and am lonely myself at times. In the Free System people may get many of their interpersonal needs fulfilled in their work relationships. I would guess there would be much love between fellow workers. There would be many places to meet people when everything is free. When people are cooperating instead of competing it may actually make everyone more loving to everyone everywhere they go. Yes, I think loneliness will become obsolete.

GOVERNMENT

Now, what about government, will we have any need for that? Government's job is to make laws and to enforce them. By the time we are six years old we probably already expertly understand the only law that is really needed and that is, "Treat others at least as good as you wish to be treated yourself." We don't need a government to make this law. It is just common sense, perhaps even a law of nature. It has probably always been. In the Free System there will be no profit in lying, cheating, stealing or in murdering. We will get good or bad feelings instantly from whatever we do or say. It takes but very little consideration to know which kind of feeling we prefer. Most of us are doing this now and always have. We haven't needed to have a policeman stand over us to make us do right. It is only a few people who are hungry or don't know how to get what they need who steal, cheat and murder. In the Free System it will be easy for them to get what they need. We'll govern our own actions and words and we'll give others instant feedback on how they are affecting us.

USELESS JOBS

What about the millions of employees (both government and private) who will no longer see a need for their jobs? Well, I suppose they will try out a few jobs until they find something that they really enjoy doing. I guess we all want joy in our life and perhaps the feeling that we are doing something that is needed.

POLLUTION, WARS, ETC.

Without the profit motive, there will be no reason to continue to pollute our planet --to destroy our life support system. With cooperation there will be every reason for races, sexes,ages and creeds to get along harmoniously. This will also be true for nations. Without politicians and the profit motive there will no longer be any reason for wars or armies. Instead it will be to everyone's advantage to live peacefully and cooperatively with our neighbours. We will all be winners this way. We will all get better feelings.

GREED?

You may say that some people will take more than they need. For the Free System to succeed it will be necessary for everyone to first understand how it will work. To understand that the less we need to work the more free time we'll have to enjoy each other, nature and all of the free things that there will be to do. People will need to understand that in the Free System we will produce for people instead of for profit. When we stop making wasteful junk products we will save natural resources and labour which can then be used on things that we need. With this transfer of tremendous amounts of energy and resourc-

es it will be easy to produce abundance for all. When people understand this there will be no reason to hassle with hoarding. Instead it will seem more reasonable to share things.

WHEN?

As soon as everyone knows about and understands the principles of the Free System and feels that he/she will be better off with it, then I believe they will desire to switch-over completely right now but I know that I must wait until the rest of the people are ready.

HOW?

How are we going to get people to switch-over to this Free System? I have partly switched-over by cutting down on my consumption of "things." I buy less so they manufacture less and thereby they pollute less and use up less of our resources. I work less for money so I spend more time teaching the Free System. I'm also working "for free" as I write, publish and distribute these ideas about the Free System Alternatives. I think that it will be necessary for people just like you (dear Reader) and me to help teach as many people as we can about the Free System. I don't think any politician will ever develop the Free System for us. I don't think that it will ever be handed to us on a platter. I can not deliver it to you. I truly believe that the only way this Free System will ever be realized is if you and I do all we can to make it happen. I don't care who you are or what your talents are, I trust that you will figure out something that you can do to help this idea be seen and understood by more people.

SIMPLE

Don't you see how simple it will be? All we need to do is to change one little habit. We merely refuse to take pay for our work and in return we receive personal freedom and world freedom when everyone does. That one little item "pay" has blocked us for centuries. Once we change that one habit everything else will naturally fall into place.

ISN'T IT INTERESTING

Isn't it interesting -- we each have control in the shaping of our future. It is up to each of us to decide for ourselves, we can decide to continue using the Pay System and all of the hassles that go with it or we can choose the Free System and begin immediately to live more in accordance with that freeing system. We each have free choice now to either wait and hope for freedom or we can begin to teach others about the Free System and thereby be able to experience it that much sooner.

PERSONAL ACTION

In order to take personal action, we don't have to wait for a party decision, we don't have to have a committee meeting, we don't have to have a consensus vote. This decision is entirely ones own to make. One can say, "Will I be better off, will I have more freedom when we all work for free? Would I have more fun if I cut down my expenses thereby cutting down my need to work for pay and thereby have more free time to live, love and teach the Free System?" We can begin right now to learn more about what we want and begin right now to teach what we believe in.

(Cont. on p.41)

T.C. or not T.C...

Bob Eby

"WELL, IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT IN THE UNIT, YOU CAN BUGGER OFF!" were the last words in the article on the Therapeutic Community last issue. For sure, those words still stand; but, after having spent two more months in the unit, and after having witnessed the community under threat of being closed down, it is obvious there is more to existence there than just whether one likes it or not and more to staying than just not choosing to mouth those easily stated cop-out words.

The Therapeutic Community operates under an open-door policy -- meaning that cell doors are left unlocked on a 24 hour-a-day basis. To a freeman, having one's door unlocked and controlled by oneself is no big deal, but to a person living in a penitentiary, it takes on new importance. The importance of most significance is based on the fact that the Living Unit Officers in the other units have to lock guys in their cells at night, causing them to be seen as little more than turnkeys by those being locked up. The other units lock-up at 11 o'clock and stay that way until 6:45 in the morning. Our guys can sit up at night and watch the late news or whatever, or sit in a neighbour's cell and tell lies, or play out that last hand of poker without having to beat it down to their cell and be locked up by someone who has to also play at being a counsellor, a friend, someone to trust and confide in. Having the cells unlocked leaves a person with the responsibility of taking care of himself, allows a man to feel that he is at least left with one facet of his life that is his to handle as he chooses-- without having to listen to someone calling out, "Alright, Boys...time for bed. Let's go...bedtime" or "Lock-up! Alright, move it! Get in those cells!"

The threat of the unit being closed down became a reality on the 1st of July after it became obvious to the Administration that if they didn't cut back on the overtime it takes to keep the Therapeutic Community open on a 24 hour-a-day basis (there had been an inordinate drain on the overtime budget because of unforeseen staff illnesses and such) there would be no money to cover any future shortages of staff later in the year. It was decided to close the unit down for July and August and part of November, depending upon how much overtime money could be saved during the ensuing summer months, with the extra manhours needed to cover for staff holidays and the usual sick-leave connected with deer-hunting season. We were told right from the beginning that the closure would only be temporary; but,because there are a number of men in the unit who have had experience with bureaucratic ways, and because there has been a call for a 20 percent cutback on government spending in certain budget allocations within the Canadian Correctional Services, it was decided among the guys that we would go on the offensive and make our feelings known with regards to the continuation of the T.C. as it exists at this institution.

We started out by asking our fellow prisoners at Springhill to demonstrate their support for us by signing a petition. Of those canvassed better than 79 percent gave their support. Copies of the signed petition were sent to 34 Heads of Departments here in the institution, at Regional Headquarters in Moncton, and in Ottawa. We have already received a letter from the Deputy Commissioner of Communications in Ottawa suggesting that we continue on with our campaign and that he will help us gain access to the media.

We repeated the same process among the staff here and, again, we met with a rewarding response. Of the staff we were able to speak with,slightly more than 75 percent signed the petition, lending their support to the continuation of the unit. One of the interesting things that occurred while the petition was being circulated was that many of the people canvassed used the opportunity to express their views (Ha! Some we can't reprint because of local laws on pornography) and to ask questions of the petitioner. So, at the very least, many more people are now aware that the T.C. program is something to be reckoned with.

A brief outlining the benefits of the T.C. is being prepared and will be ready for publishing within a couple of weeks. It describes in detail how the healthier atmosphere of the unit helps to provide a forum for discussion of problems, both personal and those pertaining to the operation of the unit. Violence is almost unheard of within the community, and, again, because of the atmosphere created by staff and prisoners working more closely together than is possible without the ameliorating effects of the open-door policy and the higher degree of freedom. The brief will also explain that one of the reasons the T.C. gets a higher percentage of the Temporary Leaves handed out is that out of the more relaxed setting comes an opportunity for a better understanding among people, and staff are more

prone to take a chance on a guy when they feel they know him.

So, although the "WELL, IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT...." stands as an alternative to when things get sticky and less than you would have them be, they haven't been used during this latest time of stress. The guys were locked up each night; tensions ran high at times, and many of us were ready to throw the towel in and just let happen what comes naturally when things aren't going your way, but the guys didn't do that -- they pulled together and worked in a spirit of cooperation to turn what could have been a negative situation into one that has helped lay the groundwork for new directions the community can move in. Even better understandings now exist among the people in the unit and, I, for one, expect we'll see an increase in good relations between guys and staff, the institution and the outside community.

The unit re-opens on the 3rd of September and I suspect that when we get back to normal operation, the Therapeutic Community will be a better place to live because of the collective contribution that was made in the name of a good program -- one that should be extended into every institution that is using the Living Unit concept, because the Therapeutic Community concept is a logical and natural extension of the Living Unit approach.

The members of the Springhill T.C. strongly support the principle that this institution should have a second Therapeutic Community in order that more guys can share in the experience -- maybe an experience that will afford them the chance they need to change their lives in highly significant ways.

We thank all those people, both prisoners and staff,who were kind enough to support our efforts. Thank you.

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THE LATE GREAT UNIT EIGHT

by ALLAN BALTZER

HOPEFULLY, THIS REPORT WILL REflect a somewhat comprehensive and enlightening treatment of the subject I have come to regard as Experimental Group Number Two. As you all know the C.P.S. has embarked upon a lifetime research program here at Springhill aimed at finding some clue as to how four hundred unique and separate bodies can exist side by side without killing each other; or rather what, how much, and to what point can we strain human nerves before they break and mass murder (or at least mass head busting) occurs.

Here in NUMBER EIGHT, or rather Experimental Group Number Two, we have the distinction of being known as rang-a-tang, and upon our shoulders is placed the brunt of this research. At last tally I believe our head count (busted ones only) was running at about 20%. Experimental Group Number One, better known as UNIT NUMBER TEN does not have one of these (referring to the count),and as far as I've been able to ascertain NUMBER NINE and ELEVEN, the two control groups are running at about two percent.

Therefore,I can say with all honesty that nothing has changed in NUMBER EIGHT since last time. The stereos still blast, the kids still run around like the proverbial headless chicken, the cells still leak, and the heaters won't work. We're still waiting for group T.A's (You'd think we'd get one by now -- our reward for contributing 50% of the population in disassociation, not to mention our head count -- they just don't seem to realize that without us there'd be no research.). We were, however, considering a CORNBOIL, but they gave it to NUMBER NINE instead. The idea behind that was to see what we'd do. And, of course, we DID! -- living up to our reputation some of us busted the party. I think most of the cobs ended up in ARNOLD'S garbage cans.

I should add here that somehow someone got the bright idea a few weeks ago that we weren't getting very much here, so to counteract this they gave DANNY a new cell; LEVI got his long-awaited transfer; they gave FRED a week off work before he goes out; MIKE A. got a face-lift; I was given an extra 14 months of penance; and to top it all off they're considering giving us a rest by calling lock-up at nine p.m. instead of ten. Which was a nice gesture, but if this research is going to prove valuable at all then you'd think they'd give us an extra two hours. Just think what the headhunters could do with that!

As you know, however, you can't stick to just one hobby twenty-four hours a day, so inbetween times our "A" BALL TEAM did manage to WIN THE TITLE THIS YEAR, led by DENNY STATES and GEORGE SOCK. Our two "B" LEAGUE TEAMS are still going strong too (that is when it doesn't rain -- KOJAK hates rain; it dulls the wax). We also got the CHAIRMANSHIP of the INMATE COMMITTEE back (the Experimental Groups seem to have a monopoly on this). Someone finally realized that the manure pile didn't smell anymore, so DAVE has taken it upon himself to stir it up a bit, having been told that the stronger the odor the better it is to fertilize with.

Well, unfortunately, (Says he), Bob the editor has just advised me that I've used up my allotted space. O.K., Bob, I'll stop, but only because you live in NUMBER TEN and it wouldn't count in our tally to bust your head. See you next time, and don't forget to shine up your brass knuckles boys, ball hockey season is just around the corner.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Groooan...why me, Lord!

by MICHAEL THOMPSON

Doing time has its intervals of the uppidy'upness and also its down in the doldrums type thing if you can get to that. It's too bad, though, that the scale couldn't be tipped a little so that at least the downs could be made to equal the ups.

Ahh... the unit,that's the topic in the limelight just now, so I'll get right to it then (smile). There have been some adjustments made in the last little while; like, the Inmate Committee has reshuffled its deck of players, although the cards and game seem to be just about as stalemated in their quest to better conditions for their fellow inmates. Also along this line of battlements for the realm of tranquility and a more decisive and meaningful relationship with our peers in this alien world we dwell in, new Range Reps have been elected to try to iron out some of our concerns and repair the vast damages that a ship of this nature can deal out in its journey to a smoother ride back to the real, or should I say sane, world of which most of us were some time ago. Moreover, it is widely felt that although we seem to have a consensus about NUMBER NINE being one of the better units in our galaxy, that very little positive feedback ever comes back to us from staff in the unit. Like the politician who runs on a dubunked platform and makes countless promises to the people from whom he needs to gain power to win the elections, it is felt by all that this situation is apparent here also. The guys would like to see some real, honest participation from the staff to insure better living conditions and a more structured kind of togetherness. For instance more television late movies; like one weekend a month. Another instance would be, no banging doors during the early morning hours on weekends when guys want to sleep in. These small but significant endeavours on the part of our staff would be greatly appreciated and would lead to better inmate /staff relations.

The CORNBOIL was a success and we are looking forward to the time we can do it again, although it was felt that it should have been held in the outside yard around a fire in a barrel. Maybe next time, eh!

The BIG BRASS is coming to do his thing during August by inspecting the joint. He must be very flattered to be able to make so many ant-like little people scurry about getting ready for his appearance, with just the wave of a hand.

NUMBER NINE'S softball team finished in third place in the regular season and will play the second placers in the playoffs. If all our players show, it should prove to be quite a struggle to see who gets to be tops for this year. Although one of the scorebooks was somehow lost in the shuffle and we should have finished in first place during the regular season, we are stuck with third, but never fear, our unit doesn't dwell on the past. I'm also told that our guys will make up for the misrepresentation involved here by this error and we shall overcome and drink from the winner's cup. So, watch out all you other units! NUMBER NINE is RED HOT. You better bring a lot of water to the field 'cause we're gonna be SMOKIN'...

In closing I'll just say until next time, if we don't hang in there together we just hang... so keep on keepin' on....

Therapy IS...

by LARD J

IT IS ONLY PROPER TO BEGIN THIS report with a well deserved thank you to the general population and staff for their enthusiastic support of our efforts to ensure the continuation of the Therapeutic Community. The performance of the community members in spite of nightly lock-ups is an indication that the Therapeutic concept does indeed have many merits and it is a

pity only 60 people can enjoy it at one time. Although it appears we may be in for another short closure in November, we have been assured recently that the unit will be reopened in early September.

With the reopening of the unit drawing near it seems our T.L.A. program is also on the up-swing. Our present T.L.A. coordinator, NELSON (Finn) FINLAYSON is doing a fine job. Thus far he has organized a T.L.A. to the Springhill Miner's Museum which turned out to be a "deep" experience for 12 members of the community. Another T.L.A. is being arranged to attend a Gordon Lightfoot concert. It also seems that the unit staff are finally willing to face the humiliation of defeat in a ball game against the highly rated Theraputes.

One recent T.L.A. deserves special note here. It is becoming known as the "Bay of Fundy Challenge,"and even though it wasn't one of our legally sanctioned excursions Number Ten was represented by SKIPPER AVERY, who in the tradition of his Newfoundland forefathers deserted his timber stands to heed a call from the sea. Much to the dismay of some innocent boat owner, SKIPPER'S navigation was not up to scratch. To quote the skipper,"One minute she read 40 fathoms,the next she read none; so we parked her where she was and got out and walk-

SKIPPER is now back in the institution but due to unit policy he'll have to wait his turn to return to NUMBER TEN.

In other kinds of news the unit is planning a JEAN SALE for the near future. Final details haven't been set yet so perhaps we'll have more information next issue.

The unit has another TOURNAMENT WEEKEND coming up in September. LLOYD CLARKE managed to push the motion through at a recent unit meeting and also got himself put in charge of it. Happy T.L.A. Lloyd.

LLOYD CLARKE, along with MARTY SMITH became the new INMATE COMMITTEE MEMBERS out of our unit.

That's it for the Theraputes....

ELEVENTH HEAVEN

Greetings once again fellow Brothers of the Green. Apparently my last article was not to be my last article... After being plied with goodies and threats to reveal my stash of Spiderman comic books, I was persuaded to take pen in hand for my FINAL offering of literary wit and wisdom.

All has not been well in the hallowed halls of ELEVENTH HEAVEN. One of our cherubs was almost prematurely passed to his heavenly reward by a somewhat less than accurate diagnosis of "gas pains." Lo and behold, the "gas pains" ruptured. Emergency surgery plucked our brother cherub back from the entrance of the Pearly Gates. All who are imprisoned have a certain cross to bear, but it seems that we in Springhill have an extra load placed on our shoulders.

A letter posted on our bulletin board, signed by our Committee Rep, has stirred up a bee's nest. It seems that the sanctum sanctorium of the gym has been violated. Angry words have been hurled by those who guard the portals to what they claim is "our private domain." To add spice to this little drama, a "select" group of inmates have complained to the staff about the letter. Nice going guys.... All this uproar is due to an innocent request for an inventory of recreational equipment. Could it be there is more to this than meets the eye?

To conclude this FINAL barrage of words, I would like to thank all of you who commented so favourably on my article in the last issue. Even a few of our Guardians of the Truth chuckled a bit; except for one who muttered, "There are some things that are best left unsaid." Guilty conscience, maybe? If I have been able, through my articles, to give you a bit of laughter and a few points to ponder, then I have accomplished my purpose and can leave here with a light heart(and head?). My future now lies in the city which houses Our Leader of Leaders (Joe Who?) and a little Lady who promises a lifetime of domestic bliss.

Farewell, Brothers of the Green --- keep the faith.

letter from Chile

This letter is from a woman living in Chile whose name was withheld to protect her from the dictatorship. It comes to us through our friends at OFF OUR BACKS, 1724 20th Street, NW, WASHINGTON, DC 20009 -- a feminist collective publication.

Dear Friend:

Someone asked me whether there is still resistance in Chile. On the 8th of March this year I attended an outburst of this resistance. The Union of Housemaids had organized a celebration of International Women's Day. The huge theatre -- the Caupolican -- was overcrowded. Plain common people, lots of women who find it hard to make ends meet with their such meager budgets. And men and youngsters.

The Police Forces were posted at every entrance. Why? Were they afraid of the empty-handed men and women whose peaceful, modest, well-mannered attitude completely ignored their threatening display?

The show began with a tribute to the great Chilean folksinger Violeta Parra. It was impressive the number of solo, and group singers and actors present. Professional groups of artists were there rendering the fascist vengeance and uniting the public's gratitude, their love.

All of a sudden, when they were reading greetings from different Workers' Unions, somebody mentioned the "Committee for the Disappeared." The public which had been peaceful, stands up as if it were one person and starts shouting, "Freedom...Freedom...Freedom" (Libertad) and a thrill runs over my whole being. There is the Resistance, thousands of people shouting "Freedom" and this shout goes on and on, increasing as though the whole crowd would overflow into the street, that something is about to happen. But suddenly the crowd becomes quiet again, and the show goes on. Among the people sitting downstairs, there's quite a number of men and women who used to be leaders and whose names are not to be seen nor heard nowadays. There are writers, journalists, lawyers...A group is singing and playing a song, and though nobody mentions the author's name, the public recognizes it right away: it's a song by Victor Jara, the singer who was tortured and murdered. There's another song by Patricio Manns who's been forced to live away from Chile. A group of women is then mentioned, most of them union leaders, and among them a young Christian Democrat girl who has just come back from a Prisoner's Camp. The yelling for freedom fills the place again. Men union leaders are presenting these women with flowers and one of them goes up on stage with his fist high. Thundering applause. In this place, with policemen even on the stage, the people breathe the air of Rebellion that fills up the theatre.

The public begins to call a name. At first I can't make it out: Matilde, Matilde... They are calling Pablo Neruda's widow's name. And a slight figure is lit by the lights behind. On her. She has been in a low, unrolled, but now she stands up and two of them take her to the stage and the people (crowding the theatre just to see her) yell: "Neruda, Pablo, te saludo" (Neruda, Pablo, the people salute you), but tears begin running down Matilde's face, she takes the floor and trying to keep control over the strong emotions she's feeling, she says, "Pablo is present...here...with us, with the people in the struggle...he cannot stay away today. We all feel his presence."

And her voice fades away. The show goes on, many artists with so much to say, sing about liberty, about peace, about the workers, about women...then I realized I was getting to know the unbelievable and enormous presence of the Resistance.

But there was still a higher emotion to be felt: a folk group formed by the relatives of the disappeared was announced. Women of all ages went up on the stage. Some of them played guitars, others sang "Ay, que tristeza, Ay que dolor" by Violeta Parra, and then came a "cueca" -- "El mi tiempo fui dichosa" ("I once was happy").

Three young pretty girls came forward and began dancing the "cueca." This is supposed to be danced with a male partner, but their men were gone, so each of the girls danced by herself. It was an agonizing feeling, stronger than a shot or a shout. Tears and applause and again the yelling for freedom, once and again, all over the place.

After the show came to an end, the people hastily drifted away, disappearing at every corner, ignoring the large number of policemen

posted outside the theatre. And all these people were still saying "No!" to dictatorship deep in their hearts. A "No!" that won't ever change but increase, to be heard all over the country, to be listened to all over the world.

Thanks,
Truly yours.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The dictatorship she refers to is the one the American goverment put into power; refugees were refused political asylum by the Canadian government.

so what's new??

ODYSSEY -- Millhaven Penitentiary's Newsletter reports:

EIGHTY-TWO YEAR OLD "ACE" HAMEL was returned to the pen for the crime of shoplifting. His release date is January 11th, 1979.

ACE had previously been returned to Joyceville Penitentiary for the dastardly crime of moving around the corner from where he had been living without telling the parole service.

He had also objected to the parole service having control of $15,000 he had received in pension monye from the U.S. Army. He believed he was old enough to handle his own money....

NOVA SCOTIA NDP LEADER, JEREMY AKERMAN in one of his latest releases says he is disappointed with the performance of PREMIER BUCHANAN'S government. He says that Premier Buchanan was "the trimmer, the restrainer, the cutback artist before he came to power. Yet in 8 months of government, his party has borrowed $150 million, $100 million from Alberta, and an additional $50 million from Japan and the U.S. At that rate, "Mr. AKERMAN says, "he'd have us $900 million in debt by the end of a four-year term of office. You just can't borrow big money and claim credit for austerity at the same time."

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As I See It

THE FIRST AMERICANS

joe banda

"I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead, the old men are all dead.
It is the young men who say no and yes. He who led the young men is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them have run away to the hills and have no blankets-no food. No one knows where they are-perhaps they are freezing to death.
I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs, I am tired, my heart is sad and sick. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever."

Surrender Speech of Chief Joseph
Nez Perce Tribe

OVER 15,000 YEARS AGO PEOPLE FROM MONGOLIA MIGRATED EAST; THEIR TRAVEL was in search of food and maybe out of a curiosity to see what was beyond the horizon. Their eastward march brought them to the Bering Strait, just 60 miles from Alaska and the New World. At the time the Bering Strait was probably covered with ice, a frozen causeway provided by Nature, a solid link between Asia and North America. These nomads crossed into Alaska from Asia, not knowing from one day to the next what was to be their fate, but as I've already stated, the excitement of discovery and curiosity may have played a part in their travels. The Diomedes Islands in the Strait shorten the distance to about 25 miles. Assuming the Bering Strait wasn't frozen, and it is very conceivable it wasn't, they could have rowed or paddled across in small boats, using the islands as stop-over points. Whichever mode of travel they used, be it walking or rowing, there is documented proof they made the journey.

After reaching Alaska it was a matter of a few thousand years and these first Americans had relatives and countrymen scattered from North America, down through Central America and into parts of South America. From these people grew many empires and civilizations; the Aztecs, Incas, Toltecs, Mayan, Apache, Huron, Sioux, Algonquin, Iroquois, and the MicMac, to name only a few. In all there were 177 tribes. They fished, hunted and raised animals. Later on they farmed. We still use some of their staple crops like corn, wheat and potatoes today. Much of their history is obscured by the fact that they had no written language that we could decipher -- they used symbols to describe happenings in their history and folklore. So, very little is known of these oral societies until after the coming of the Spanish in 1492.

When the Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria sailed into Central America, they thought they had found a route to the Indies and they called the natives, "Indians." This terminology wasn't contested until recently when the descendants of our founding fathers asked, and in a lot of cases demanded, to be called Native Americans.

What happened to these first rich landowners and to their rich, fertile lands? Their story is probably the greatest atrocity ever perpetrated by man. When the Spanish came to America, they had four things in mind. Gold and colonization were high on their priorities, and searching for a route to the East, would certainly explain their motivation for the long arduous overland trip, which was plagued by robbers and death. But, equally as important was the spread of Catholicism. They had an effective way of converting the natives to Catholicism - they became Catholics or they died, and in many cases, even after they became Catholics they were killed; which was a sure-fire Spanish way of getting the "Heathens" past the Pearly Gates.

The French had different ideas. They, of course, wanted them all to become Catholics, but they didn't commit the same blasphemy and mass slaughter. They lived in fear of war, but they were more interested in furs. They lived among the Natives and learned their language and culture, and traded guns, blankets, axes, pots and pans and trinkets for furs; they, at first, helped in any way they could but later asserted themselves, and left them to be slaughtered by the English. These were bad times for the Natives, but the atrocities never really got off the move until after 1860 when the United States and, what was later to become Canada, showed their skill in the art of annihilation of human beings.

Historically we find that every square inch of North, Central and most of South America belonged to these 477 tribes. Their claim to the land was basic; they were there first. It was their land. They were sovereign nations, with kings, queens, princes and princesses. They had courts which upheld the laws of the tribe. Their laws might be considered cruel and inhuman by most of us today, but then if one was to read the book KIND AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT by Jessica Mitford -- an exposé of the American way of justice -- one would consider the Native's laws at least considerate. Death or banishment from the tribe was as serious as a punishment could get. Seldom was torture used, except in time of war.

These Natives lived in a communal society where there was no personal property, everything belonged to the tribe, with the Chief and Elders ruling with supreme authority. Honour and ability with rhetoric were the mainstays of the culture, with proficiency as a hunter and an ability to give a show of bravery as secondary but very important in their everyday way of life. As in most Eastern cultures women were for the maintenance of their men. They gave birth to and raised their children, worked in the cultivation and preparation of food, and in many cases fished, hunted and fought alongside their men.

From the first day Columbus landed and was greeted by the Natives of Central America, the manipulations began and continued until the different tribes in the United States and Canada formed Native unions to combat "White greed." These manipulations came in two gross forms: first, the Natives were sucked into wars they couldn't possibly win. They, of course, fought gallantly, and proved to be among the greatest foot soldiers the world has ever known. Some of their strategies are still studied at different academies in the United States. But guns, especially the Gatling, proved to be too overpowering; once the Gatling came to the Plains, the Plains tribes knew it was over, they had no cover and their guerrilla tactics were ineffective against the superior firepower of the long knives. Realizing this, many accepted their defeat with honour and succumbed to treaties. These treaties, it must be remembered, were written in English, and a translator told the tribal chieftains what was supposed to have been written. Obviously, they were seldom told the truth, because when they reached their "reservations" they usually starved: there was no game to hunt, no water which were usable, and the land couldn't support any type of vegitation. I'm not saying that all the reservations were like this -- probably only a few of them.

So now again the tribes revolted, but this time they had nothing to lose -- if they lived on the land restricted by the White man's government as their reservations, they would starve to death, and many chose to die with honour. And this they did. Every man, woman and child took up the fight. From these bloody wars came many great leaders: Geranimo, Osceola, Mangus Colorado, Red Cloud, Sitting Bull and Chief Joseph to name only a few of the more renouned. Many were never defeated in battle but succumbed to treachery. They were called to Pow Wows under flags of truce and were then captured, imprisoned, or killed trying to escape.

The Native history of North, Central and South America leaves one

(Cont. on p.42)

Solitary Confinement Abolition Project

VANCOUVER, B.C., March 1, 1979 -- THE ATTEMPTED RAILROADING OF PRIson movement activists GAY HOON and BETSY WOOD has been derailed by a B.C. Supreme Court Jury. WOOD and HOON, two long time community activists and campaigners against solitary confinement, were acquitted March 1st following a six week jury trial arising out of an aborted escape attempt by five prisoners at the maximum security British Columbia Penitentiary.

WOOD, acting as her own lawyer, and HOON succeeded in turning the tables on the penitentiary system during the trial, exposing the brutal conditions inside the B.C. Pen and showing that the charges of prison break against them were the result of a vindictive case of selective prosecution.

The two had originally been charged with attempted murder (a guard was stabbed by a prisoner in the escape attempt) and other offences, carrying in total a life sentence. A judge at a preliminary hearing threw out all the charges because of a lack of evidence, but the B.C. Attorney-General over-ruled the decision and directly indicted them, in an unusual exercise of his discretionary power.

The charges arose out of an incident on January 28, 1978 in which five long term prisoners at the Pen attempted to break out by smashing through glass in the visitors area. The escape bid was foiled, but the prisoners took 13 hostages -- WOOD and HOON included -- and managed to hold out for a week before surrendering peacefully. Four of the five prisoners have already been convicted as a result of the break out attempt, receiving sentences ranging from five years to life.

The defence strategy during the women activists' trial was to show that the prosecution singlemindedly pursued the case through selective gathering of evidence, public prejudice against activists and prisoners, circumstantial evidence and "bought" testimony. WOOD, drawing on her personal experiences with prisoners and her dealings with penitentiary service officials, was able to turn the prosecution's own evidence around time and time again, forcing prosecution witnesses under cross examination to either acknowledge the corruption of the prison system, or to be blatantly "forgetful" or evasive. One witness who had been pressured by police into coming to court to testify against WOOD, became her best character witness; saying as part of her evidence how much she admired WOOD for her commitment to non-violent causes and her effective organizing abilities.

The trial reached a dramatic high point in the last week of testimony when prisoner ANDY BRUCE, who has spent the last 8½ years in solitary confinement, testified that the gun used in the break out attempt was obtained from a guard in exchange for $500 and an ounce of cocaine. BRUCE produced in court a postcard from the guard, addressed to "Andy Bruce, the Big House, the Penthouse," and containing the message "Hallo from a far-out place," which BRUCE said was a confirmation that the cocaine was of good quality. The guard, recalled to the stand, denied making any deal with BRUCE and denied sending the postcard to him. But a day later, the prosecution's case against HOON and WOOD virtually collapsed when a handwriting expert came to court to testify that the guard had indeed written the card.

WOOD, 49, said she decided to conduct her own defence because she was tired of being a spectator when her fate was being determined.

"Courts are at present expensively funded playpens for prosecutors, lawyers and judges" she said. "I hope our victory will encourage accused persons to speak up more on their own behalf."

The trial was seen as a critical test of strength between the Canadian prison movement and the penitentiary service. During the six weeks of the proceedings, public interest swelled and supporters of the two women (who each faced a total of 19 years in prison if convicted) jammed the courtroom each day.

"The prisoners' rights movement has been strengthened by our trial, rather than weakened by it," said HOON, 33. "More people have become conscious of the prison struggle, and energy and momentum are now on the upswing."

There is still a possibility that the prosecution might appeal the case, in an effort to overturn the jury's decision. Full details of the case and other related topics on the prison movement throughout North America will be available in a special prison supplement produced by SOLITARY CONFINEMENT ABOLITION PROJECT and distributed with the next (Spring/Summer '79) issue of OPEN ROAD, the INTERNATIONAL NEWSJOURNAL, Box 6135, Station G, Vancouver, B.C.

T.L.A. PROGRAM GOES IN THE HOLE bob eby

WITH A CEILING OF FIVE-AND-A-HALF FEET PRESSING DOWN ON YOU, YOUR NOSTRILS assailed by a pungent, swamp-sweet aroma, and walls of water-seeping, coal-black colour moving in from both sides, 6,000 feet is a lot of hole... it is a long way up.

Actually, I was only 90 feet down, but because I'm a greenhorn and it was my first time underground, I wasn't certain which way was up. For certain, I wasn't feeling all that comfortable with millions upon millions of tons of coal-black, life-snuffing substance all around me; but, then again, coal mines aren't made for comfort -- they're made so someone can make a lot of money from another man's backbreaking work. Work that has taken hundreds of men's lives, moved many a man to a hardening of attitudes about life and people,and driven more than one family to ruin through the bottle; and, for sure, even amidst the truth of all that, there's those who loved the work and camaraderie that comes from working hard and dangerously together, and that raises comments like:

"Well...yuh know, when yuh got a family of kids t' feed...."

"Twould ruther be doin' that than what I'm doin' now...least the hours was good."

His comments came out of the days when a coal miner would work as much as 6,000 feet and more under the ground, get somewhere around a hundred dollars clear money a week, and share that among a larger family than is the case today. It comes out of a community that in 1960 had a population of some 5,500 people, with better than 75 per cent of them relying on the mines for their livelihood. Even the farmer growing vegetables and producing milk and eggs relied on the mines indirectly, because he sold his produce to those who earned their money down inside the bowels of the earth -- where it is unnatural for man to be -- but goes because he's got to earn a living.

In the days when the mines of Springhill, Nova Scotia were going full-tilt, families were often higher and your neighbour was almost a part of your family. People would come calling with a flock of kids in tow in one hand and a basket of garden-fresh produce or a freshly baked loaf of bread in the other. The mines brought prosperity to come but they also brought heartache and grief. It was the pain of that very same heartache and grief that made the people of Springhill a little community it used to be. Nowadays, there's a lot more money around than there used to be, people are feeling more secure about themselves and their way of life. The threat of community being weakened by the exodus that took place when the only major employer left in the area is the local federal penitentiary.

In spite of the fact that there is now more money being made in the community, there are fewer new cars sitting in the streets. Back in the days before the mines closed, it is a truth that back in the middle 1950's, the parking lot outside the mines had more employee-owned new cars than did the employees' parking lot at the General Motors plant in Oshawa, Ontario. It is also true that almost everyone owned their own home in Springhill,whereas those living in Oshawa rented their homes.

But, again, men died working those same mines, and men fought to create the conditions that would attract employers to open a new era in 1955. The conditions preceding those days drove the local miners to form Canada's first union. It was on August 25th, 1879 that the miners of Springhill, Nova Scotia gathered to form the first Canadian union. It was later called the PROVINCIAL WORKMEN'S ASSOCIATION, and they went on to distinguish themselves by being the first union in Canada to be attacked by the militia, who used machine guns and horse-mounted, club-swinging strike-breakers at LINGAN, CAPE BRETON ISLAND,when the P.W.A. struck the GENERAL MINING ASSOCIATION mines for a full year in 1882.

What was I doing 90 feet under the ground? I was out on a Temporary Leave of Absence; what else? Twelve of us toured the MINER'S MUSEUM on a project organized as part of the T.L.A. program here at Springhill Institution. We were escorted by DANNY BEATON and DAVE MURRAY, two Living Unit Officers from NUMBER TEN UNIT. We were admitted for $1.50 of our own money, instead of the usual $2.00 fee it is to tour the mine -- a privilege that more than 60,000 tourists have already taken advantage of this year.

This was my first T.L.A. and I thoroughly enjoyed the outing and the hospitality of the people at the museum. I can also appreciate the notion that people starting out have to start at the bottom; but, isn't a 90 foot handicap just a little much...?

THE MYTH OF PRISON BOLICY
(Letter to the Editor, The Globe & Mail, May 28, 1979)

IN THE PAST TWO YEARS THERE HAS been quite a lot written about Canada's penitentiaries. The myth that prison policy is based on rehabilitation has been destroyed and much of the brutality practiced by prison guards has been exposed (as well as the overtime "racket" of Millhaven guards, which cost the taxpayers $16 million in one year).

Taxpayers should also get an idea of what "featherbedding" in the penitentiary service is all about: In the United States penal system, there are three prisoners for each staff employee; in Canada, as of December 1978, there were 9,317 prisoners and 9,495 penitentiary employees.

In 1973, there were 9,112 prisoners and in 1978, there were 9,317, an increase of 205 prisoners over five years. In 1973, there were 5,268 penitentiary staff; in 1978, there were 9,495, an increase of 4,227 employees over the same period. For an extra 205 prisoners, the Canadian Penitentiary Service hired 4,227 staff.

In December 1970, there were 329 penitentiary employees for 696 prisoners at Kingston Penitentiary. Millhaven, an electronically controlled penitentiary requiring less staff than an ordinary prison, has 208 prisoners and 386 penitentiary employees.

When Joe Clark talks about cutting down on the civil service, he must have the penitentiary service in mind.

One final fact. In 1976, there were 1,073 prisoners paroled by the National Parole Board. Between the National Parole Board with its 220 employees and the National Parole Service with its 731 employees, there were a total of 951 parole employees for 1,073 parolees -- "supervising" a total of about 6,000 ex-prisoners on parole and Mandatory Supervision.

George Watson,
Editor - Odyssey Newsletter,
Millhaven Penitentiary.

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A YEAR

the Antique shop

MICKEY ISAAC was the owner and operator of CITADEL ANTIQUES for seventeen years in the city of Halifax. He has travelled throughout the world in quest of antiques and collectibles, and is considered an expert in his field. He is also a licensed antique auctioneer. The COMMUNICATOR proudly presents this column and invites you to direct questions and comments to Mr. Isaac and his world -- the universe of craftsmanship, style and knowledge. Any queries should be addressed c/o the Editor, the COMMUNICATOR, Box 2140, Springhill, Nova Scotia. B0M 1X0

FIREPLACE ACCESSORIES...

While partaking in the Good Life, fireplaces and their accessories play an important part in our lifestyle. There is nothing quite like a steak and a glass of wine while sitting in front of a fireplace in your own home. At one time in history the fireplace was used to heat the house as well as cook the family's meals on; but, more importantly, most social life was centered around it. Through this development grew a style of living that produced fireplace ornamentation and the practical use of pots for cooking and tools to place hot coals in warming devices for beds and foot warmers for the many horse-drawn carriages of the day. It was a complete industry; to keep the fires burning required woodcutters, coal miners and, of course, the foundries that made the grates, andirons, brass ornamentation and various other kinds of accouterments.

When considering fireplaces and their place in history, one of the most interesting aspects of that history pertains to fireplace ornamentation. It wasn't long before the artistic community had an affect on this necessary development. The French influence on England began to show, and andirons made of black iron appeared with great brass figures fronting them. Fenders of brass protected the space in front of the fireplace, while fire-screens became works of art, still retaining their practical use. As strange as it may sound, great battle scenes were constructed from polished brass and fitted into the rear and sides of the fireplace; while the wood blazed it brought alive the figures and scenes, leaving one staring by the hour at the dancing configurations before one's "fireplace eyes."

The fireplaces of today have been greatly reduced in size. The tools and ornamentation of days gone by don't properly fit anymore; we no longer burn great logs of wood or coal, and decorative items are difficult to find because of this fact. I can remember a fine lady coming into my store, looking for a set of fireplace tools that she'd been seeking for quite some time. I showed her a set I had purchased two years earlier but had kept off my shelves, to which she exclaimed that, except for her being unsure about their size, they were exactly what she had been seeking. Before she could return with the measurements to her fireplace, and after their having been exposed to the public for the first time in two years, a gentleman saw them and bought them before she got back. So, if you are a buyer looking for a particular item, you are well advised to carry the measurements with you. One never knows when that golden opportunity will arise, when chance or a deliberate seeking will bear fruit and give you what you have been looking for. Be prepared; have both the inside and outside measurements of your fireplace handy. Items of decoration for fireplaces are rare, so if you want them, you have to be prepared to buy when they are available.

One doesn't necessarily need a lot of money to give their fireplace a finished look. I've been to auctions where single brass pieces have been

sold for $10 to $25. One can purchase fire pots, bellows and other interesting articles to beautify a fireplace for very little money. The trick is to make the effort to go to auctions, flea markets and garage sales. One time in the basement of a house where an estate sale was being held, I found four brass fenders (rails that go across the front of the actual firebox) that I was able to buy for $30.00. After cleaning them up I resold them for a tidy profit. It wasn't difficult; all I did was take the time to go into the basement and look.

Fireplaces in the Neriline region are mostly coal-burning, outfitted with a cast iron basket or burning-box, which sits inside the fireplace opening, rendering it too small for logs. European and British fireplaces were designed to handle logs of wood and peat bricks, and were used to heat rooms, more so than were the centrally heated homes of the New World. The European fireplaces, consequently, are much larger in width and height, and the logical conclusion is that fireplace tools from Europe and England do not adapt well to North American fireplaces. Items like European pokers, fenders and screens are not compatible with our smaller coal-burning fireplaces. None of this should discourage you from seeking fireplace items; very high quality reproductions can be found. One can acquire polished brass ornamentation as eloquent and in the style of most periods in European history, and much of the warmth coming from a properly outfitted fireplace arises out of the fact that the owner spent some time in search of the beautifying objects.

One of the most attractive pieces to adorn a fireplace is the helmet-type coal hod in copper or brass. Some of these hods were made of tin with a ridge to reinforce them on each side. The value of this type of hod often comes from a painted scene on the front lid, which opens in a backward swing like a lift-up garage door. On some models there was a place to fit a small shovel at the back or side and one can often confuse it for a handle of sorts. On other models a place at the front is formed on the inside where the specially carved shovel fits down inside the bucket, leaving only the handle protruding.

Firedogs have been made in all shapes and sizes, and are designed to hold the burning logs off the hearth allowing them to burn better; lucky is the buyer who finds a pair of firedogs shaped like a pair of owls with red eyes that twinkle in front of the fire, or perhaps a shining brass pair of pillars set with large spheres at the top.

I have sat by open fires in India and eaten simple kernels of corn with the poor people there, and I have enjoyed the fireplaces in great dining rooms in fine English homes; but the most enjoyable fires I have sat in front of were with my family on cold December nights, enhanced by the accouterments beautifying the fireplace. And, like most of life's problems, the ones that arise from wanting to furnish your fireplace properly are difficult to overcome -- but, they too are worth the trouble.

STATS CANADA REPORTS:

by the Canadian Press
Ottawa Citizen March 7th/79

ONE CANADIAN IN EVERY 1,000 LISTed his address on New Year's Eve, 1976, as a federal penitentiary or a provincial prison, Statistics Canada reported this week.

Slightly more than 13,000 were in provincial lock-ups on that date while another 9,285 were in federal prisons.

A number may not actually have spent the night behind bars. The figures don't include holiday and other leaves from custody.

Neither, however, do they include "lock-up" cases -- people held in municipal jails for less than 24 hours, then released without charge.

The figures were drawn from records of 55 federal prisons and 155 provincial institutions.

Provincial reports showed that 183,882 people were imprisoned in 1976. This includes an uncounted number who were admitted more than once.

In the Atlantic Region, 6,572 of 9,529 sentences were for 30 days or less.

The federal prisons, which handle those sentenced to more than two years, admitted 4,541 new prisoners in 1976. The total included 984 sentenced for robbery, 782 for breaking and entering, and 465 for Narcotics Control Act offences. There were 101 admissions for murder, 150 for manslaughter, 152 for rape, 95 for other sexual offences, 33 for kidnapping or abduction, 50 for wounding, and 123 for assault.

The Neighborhood Band: a revue

kerry holland

The NEIGHBORHOOD BAND of Sidney, Cape Breton Island performed over the holiday weekend and put on a fine show. The group seemed to be having a good time performing for us, and it was hard to tell who had the best time -- the band or us cons.

They started the evening off with CHUCK BERRY'S "Back in the U.S.A." DIANNE LEWIS, their vocalist, sure had a set of pipes on her. She was also toting another set... and if you haven't) that can be very appealing too.

Rocking through such numbers as "Hot Stuff," "Allison," Knock on Wood," along with some very good original tunes ("Next to Go" and "I'm Not Gonna Make It") they proved that a group doesn't have to have the tightest sound to sound fine and be accepted by an audience.

Midway through the show, the band took a break and MISS MARIE BISSON intoned a mellow country sound for the guys. She played acoustic guitar and sang JOHN DENVER'S,"Annie's Song" and a very funny original. She was shy but the guys encouraged her with a big round of applause.

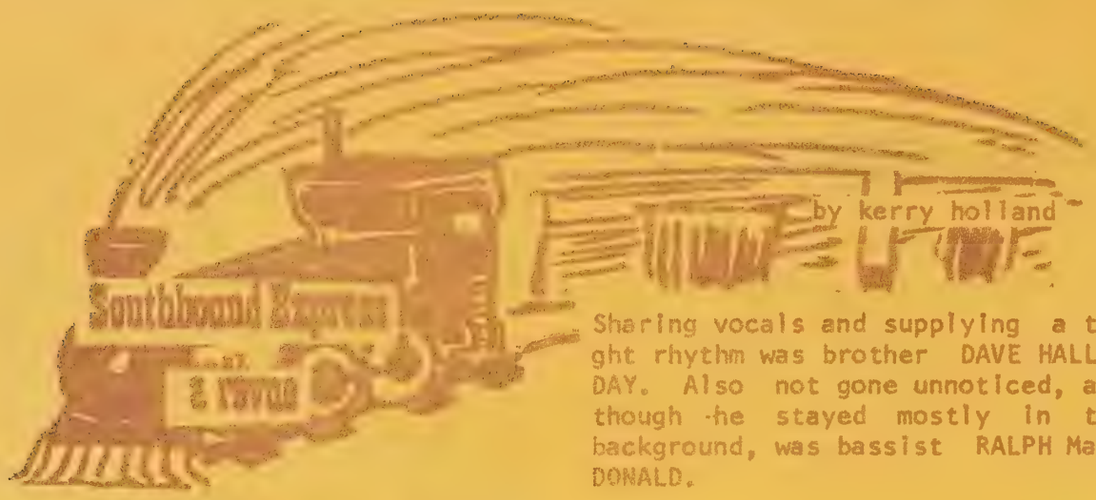
When the Cape Breton rockers came back to do the last half-hour,bassist, RANDALL KNOTT, announced to us "lust starved men" that guitarist RANDY MacDONALD was going to sing. He also hastened to add that he was only going to be allowed one song. Randy's rendition of "Sweet Home Alabama" (both guitar and vocal) was very good.

Dianne then sang a ballad to her boyfriend (who just happened to be the guitarist and composer of the song) called "Today."

The concert ended with an original; "Time is Wasting Away" (how true), and FLEETWOOD MAC'S, "Dreams" and a repeat of "Back in the U.S.A."

Through all the sets,bassist RANDAL KNOTT and drummer STEVE MELNICK, provided a tight rhythm section to all the numbers played, including quite a few difficult ones--numbers like "Knock on Wood" & "Hot Stuff" to name only two.
The whole package was a good time and is proof that there's more to Cape Breton than the Cape Bretoners have been telling us Mainlanders about. If the NEIGHBORHOOD BAND can ever come back, you can bet there will be a good turnout to hear them again.

☆☆☆



by kerry holland

FOR THE MORE THAN 300 GUYS THAT came out to see the concert July 8th, we were fortunate to be entertained by an excellent performance of progressive music. SOUTHBOUND EXPRESS, a five piece band from Truro, laid down an evening of blues/rock that rarely gets heard much less played in the joint on the hill. For those few who missed it... yer beat, Pete.

They kicked off the evening with the classic MUDDY WATERS tune, "I'm Ready," followed by LYNYRD SKYNYRD'S, "You Got That Right" and BOB SEGER'S, "Old Time Rock and Roll." Young JEFFREY BAKER blew his heart out on his harp, especially on "Soul Man," "Whiskey Rock and Roll" and MATT MINGLEWOOD'S, "East Coast Blues." Singer-guitarist, ROY HALLIDAY, shared lead solos with guitarist BARRY RYAN. He also set the pace for a very funny original EXPRESS tune, "I Hate To Go On Stage With a Hard-On."

Sharing vocals and supplying a tight rhythm was brother DAVE HALLIDAY. Also not gone unnoticed, although he stayed mostly in the background, was bassist RALPH MacDONALD.

The highlight of the evening was BARRY RYAN'S extra-long lead solo on "Hey Joe." The speed with which his fingers blurred over the strings was dazzling.

They rounded the concert off with an introduction to each of the band members. Each guy took a solo. This, too, had its highlights when DAVE HALLIDAY pounded out a five-minute drum solo that must have left his arms sore.

Twelve-fingers RALPH MacDONALD, the almost invisible bassist, was the star of the finale as he ended the concert with a five-minute run on bass.

It was a tight concert and more anybody in Springhill can usually hope to be entertained with. It's too bad SOUTHBOUND EXPRESS will be disbanded by the time of this printing, because we can sure use more of this kind of music to lighten up the days, weeks... years.

COMMITTEE NEWS

joe basha

DESPITE INCLEMENT WEATHER, OUR FIELD DAY was a success. It was a success for two good reasons: first, people gave their time unselfishlessly so others could enjoy themselves in a spirit of friendly competition; and secondly, because the competitors performed in such a sportsmanlike manner. The people responsible for this day did an excellent job and we owe them a vote of thanks. Our thanks go out to: AL BALTZER, DAVE HAMILTON, DAVE HAMM, JOHN LaQUANT, PORKY BLIZZARD, DAVE SOMMERTON, GLENN WALSH, JOHN WHELAN, DAVE TOWLER, ANDY FOSTER, HARRY HOLLETT, DOUG LAURIE, REX KAMSTER, BLAIN GOULD, MURRAY CRUICKSHANK, FRED KENNEDY and anyone I may have forgotten.

As the steaks testified, the barbecue flew....

The next Committee project should be the miniature golf course. It will be located behind Number Ten unit and will probably get underway shortly.

The Inmate Committee is striving to get better movies for the joint. Recently, we began a new contract and we are hoping these selections will better suit the viewing tastes of the population.

Any unit wishing to use the barbecue should make preparations through his unit. It was built to be used, so come up with a unit proposal and get to it.

A camera operator is needed for the Visits and Correspondence area. Anyone wishing to apply for the job should give their name to their Committee Man in the unit.

WAREHOUSE: ...If You Lived Here will be seen in each issue. It is a fictional journal, a fantasy, reflective of the author's prison experiences in a maximum-security penitentiary. All names and events mentioned are historically fictional but poetically true, and will remain so protecting the guilty.

A MAN AIN'T S'POSED TO . . .

(CONCLUSION)

DAY ONE, 5 P.M., ANITOWN, 1962:

"Never mind what I've got in mind. Turn around and touch those toes and do what you're told," and with that he gave me a light push on the shoulder, half-turning me towards the wall.

Coming off the wall, my right shoulder dipping towards my right thigh, elbow tucked in close to my side, fist up under my chin, seemed the most natural thing in the world -- it was like being back in the ring and coming off the ropes. My fist firing straight from the shoulder caught him flush in the mouth, snapping his head back over his shoulder as he slumped to the floor without making a sound. He was only half way down when I realized what I had done... what it was going to cost me. I let my follow-through left fall to my side, thinking that I would be needing it later... very soon... but, what did they expect after putting us through the train ride and the people at the station, staring, stripping, sucking on us? I said, only half to myself, "Fuck it, let 'em come."

And, oh Babe, did they come: they clambered up out of cracks, from beneath rocks and out of the woodwork. I got hit from all sides and a few I didn't have. Punches and kicks rained on me from five different directions; all aimed, all considered, all effective. The bastards knew what they were about; it was more than I could do to stay on my feet, and I fell, being pounded all the way down, like they wanted to meld me with the floor, squash me against the tiles, turn me into the ink used to make numbers.

I was lying on my side, my legs curled up, trying to protect my groin, while my arms were wrapped around my head, hoping to ward off some of the damage I knew must be going on. In the two minutes it took to put me to the floor, where I lay, figuring I'd never get up again, I must have been struck at least twenty times with either a fist, a booted foot, or a bee-bee-shot loaded blackjack. It was no contest... I passed out, lying in my own blood on the cold tiles, in the nude, looking up at the five of them standing over me, laughing and pointing down at me. As I sank into the warmth that was my pain, I had the thought that I had just been witness to an afternoon of someone's fun in maximum security....

DAY ONE, 4:45 P.M., ANITOWN, 1967:

The Admittance Clerk did his gig exactly as he had almost five years earlier, and my gut tightened in anticipation of the shower-room scene that was next on the agenda. I stepped through the same doorway and was greeted by the same bull, waiting by his chair and flashlight, with the same disinterested, flat-faced expression -- a T.T.C. conductor waiting for his fare.

I stepped up to him, my face pushed into his, defying him to give the order that would bring disaster down on both our heads, beginning with his. He looked me in the face and said,

"Put your gear on the floor and turn and face the wall."

"No way," I said, "your not lookin' up my ass this day or any other. Call your fucking goon squad, I've been there before."

"It makes no never mind to me, Robbins, it's your ass," he said as he walked out of the room and back into the admitting office, where the panic-button is tucked up under a desk-top's edge.

I didn't have to wait long: they came through the doorway in under three minutes; six of them, all shapes and sizes, all wearing a Honky Night in Canada look -- you know, it's for the team... get him!

Standing with your balls hanging out and bare ass pressed up against a cold tile wall, isn't exactly the most enviable spot in the world to be in; especially when you've just told some dude with an asshole fetish that you're not going to bend for a friend and he's gone and called his gang to even up the score, and they're standing before you with that certain look in their eyes. It's enough to make a guy want to do an instant replay and hope things come out differently in reprise, knowing, of course, that it couldn't be any other way, given the nature of replays and electronics, history and you.

"What's it going to be,Robbins?" says the one with the three-quarters-of-an-inch high forehead and arms like a gorilla looking for his Jane.

"Look, you guys, none of us needs this shit. You know goddamned well that I'm not into lugging stuff into the joint... haven't I got enough trouble now?"

"You know the routine" says the one with his hands in his pockets and his belly hanging over his belt, for all the world looking like he's playing pocket pool. "Now why don't you make it easier on yourself and just do what you're told?"

"What's the matter with you fucking people? Can't you see I'm trying to make it easier on myself? Don't any of you bastards know what the fuck you're doing? Fuck you!" I yelled before I could stop myself, before giving them the excuse they were standing waiting for. I backed farther into the corner, trying to flatten myself so they would have less area to hit, bringing my hands up to try and block some of what was about to begin flying.

"Okeh, Robbins, put your clothes back on and let's go" said a tall, grey-haired man from the back of the group. "You're going to the Hole until we can determine what you've got to hide. You can walk down on your own or we can carry you; it's just as easy for us either way, you already know that."

I walked....

DAY ONE, 4:45 P.M., ANITOWN, 1974:

"Put your clothes there on the floor and turn and face the wall."

I looked him in the face, staring, trying to force him to look at me, hoping he'd see that neither of us needed this. He stood, his paperback book still poised in front of his tunic where he had been reading it, and glanced over the top of it and said, "Just put your clothes there on the floor and turn and face the wall."

"Right" I said, the rage boiling up into my mouth, as I turned towards the wall and bent at the waist.

"Spread 'em, come on, cough up" he said,his voice still expressionless, betraying nothing -- the C.S.C. trains its men well: keep it impersonal and no-one can get mad at you; it's the System... not you.

I spread-eagled myself against the wall, as he moved in behind me, his flashlight in hand. Then, he pressed a lead-pencil against my buttock to make way for the probing flashlight beam, I could feel tears like acid burning their way down my face -- and I knew I was in... for good. I had become an inmate.

Walking out of the shower-room, dressed in ill-fitting prison clothes, arms loaded with coarse bed-clothing, and under my own steam was one of the toughest things I've ever had to do. I could feel my shame bare on my face, telegraphed into every movement of my body.

We left the admittance building and moved out along the sidewalk that runs past the grassed area separating the North Gate building from the main section of the prison compound. The Keep Off signs along the way were forewarnings of where we were going, a touch of where we'd been.

Entering the Main Dome, after not having seen it for more than two years came as a shock... a shock that took the heart from me and brought my shoulders crashing down on the rest of me -- it was as if I had never left the place, like I'd never been out on the street, like I'd spent my whole life here. Stepping back into that world of unyielding steel and limestone and concrete created a feeling in me I've only had once or twice in my life; the feeling that I was trapped in the bottom of an inescapable pit, surrounded by unassailable evil, all-pervasive dejection -- an Edgar Allen Poe creation, insidious, with absolutely no hope of reprieve.

The Dome is the center of the Main Cellblock; a hub with eight spokes running off it, eight cellblocks, four stories high, with the Dome towering six floors high and about fifty feet across -- the longest fifty foot expence in the universe, where you are completely exposed,surrounded by ever-watching uniformed eyes, that count, categorize, and follow you, registering where you went and how long you were there -- all in a glance.

The walls of the Dome are ringed with three tiers,ranges that lead onto each of the cellblocks' upper ranges. Two sets of open metal stairs opposite one another run up to each tier, each range forming a landing that passes in front of every one of the 21 cells,stacked one on top of the other, bird-cage style, away from the Dome in eight different directions. There are no corners, no places to hide; the terror is out in the open.

It's floor is solid stone slabs worn smooth by countless millennia of foot-dragging, "single-file-no-talking," shoulders-slumped convicts passing through this the nerve centre of a maximum-security prison, heading out into the ganglia, bleeding their way back through to synapse each to his separate cell, each in his own way, each in his own time.

Sitting in the center of the Dome, surrounded by ghosts of battered and bleeding men, of iron-bar wielding "I'm-better-than-you-are" convicts and "for-society's-protection" billy-club swinging guards, is the Bell... the bell of 1971 infamy but, more profoundly, the bell known from the Pacific to the Atlantic, New Westminster to Dorchester, by convicts that've done hard time; the bell that rang its knell, echoing through cellblocks, cells, and the minds and bodies of every prisoner living in the Main Block for every day served, one-hundred-and-fifteen times a working day and ninety-nine times a day on weekends -- every time there was to be mass movement through the Dome, the bell sounded, informing prisoners on the tiers that they had permission to leave their cells and pass through the Dome,one range at a time.

It's nerve-rattling, otherworldly peel pierced dreams which had taken you miles outside your cell; it clanged its way into classical novels, worlds where there was justice and you were right; it shattered the ethos of letters and left you trembling with rage at the insensitivity of the Keeper of the Day, the uniform riding the plunger, taunting the manhood of each of the seven-hundred cooped prisoners.

I was just one more....

DIE NOW LIVE LATER

an adult fairy tale

B.J. BEASLEY

ONCE UPON A YESTERDAY, NOT TOO FAR FROM TOMORROW AND THIS SIDE OF REALity, there was a village. Next to the village there was a town. The people in the village wanted to live in the town where opportunity knooks. The people in the town wanted to live in the village where they could knock opportunity. Between the town and the village there was a tall grey stone castle. In the castle dwelt the round people who thought they were square, the square people who thought they were round, and the occasional triangle who didn't think at all. The inhabitants of the castle were commonly referred to as Miss Fits.

Also in the castle was a king and his courtiers. There were courtiers who raised and lowered the drawbridge; courtiers who assessed the degree to which a Miss Fit misfat;the ladies-in-waiting who escorted the Miss Fits to and fro inside the castle walls;a high priestess who performed weekly purification rites;and a special committee of ministers who passed judgement on the day of the Opening of the Doors.

Small groups of people from the village would visit the castle, humbly suggesting plans of fitting the Miss Fits into the town. Then townspeople would send large committees to the castle and prepare encyclopedic treatises on fitting the Miss Fits into the village.

The opening of the Doors was the great ceremony that each Miss Fit waited for with varying mixtures of terror, apprehension and fear. It was during the Winter Solstice on Rushday when Sweet Sally Sad Eyes was escorted to the ominous Hall of Choice. Shuffling along with downcast eyes, Sally was led into the huge open-roofed Hall. Inside the hall were several doors. Each door opened onto one of the six ceremonial exits from the castle. Sally unhesitatingly chose the door that opened up to the sky. She latched onto a balloon string. Higher and higher she rose, but alas. She barely got above the rooftop when a needle pricked the balloon and down she crashed. The Miss Fits chattered for days about the terrible crash of Sweet Sally Sad Eyes.

"Remember Twila Tightwater," giggled a short, pink-haired brunette.

"Yes," mused her green-haired companion. "She opened the door to Alky Sea, jumped high in the air, turned a triple somersault, then jacknifed perfectly into the enticing liquid. Silly old Twila swallowed a good deal of the sea before remembering she couldn't swim." Then the two charming Miss Fits shook their heads in knowing agreement as to the stupidity of Twila Tightwater.

In a small remote corner of the castle, lived Little No Speak. Little No Speak liked the solitude and peace of herself. She liked to sleep a lot and she liked to clean a lot. As a matter of fact, there was only one thing she did not like: Other people. Little No Speak didn't like the other Miss Fits. She said they didn't fit. She said no one in the castle fits, no one in the town fits and no one in the village fits. She thought to herself, "When they open the doors I will go to a place where there are no people, except my kind of people. Then I will cash in on my 'Die Now Live Later' Insurance Policy. Because then I will come alive, then I will be happy, then I will fit. But, until that time I am dead; how can I live with all these Miss Fits?" And so, Little No Speak sat in her small remote corner in the castle, surrounded with her peacefully glum thoughts.

She sat and waited, waited and sat. Meanwhile Myna Muddlehead left the castle on Maseday. Myna naturally chose the door to Tanglewood Forest. She was never seen coming out on the other side.

At times, the King would order a ball with court jesters and merry musicians providing entertainment. All the Miss Fits would dress in their finery and powdered wigs in eager expectation of the gala event. But not little No Speak. She knew how the villagers and townspeople lined up outside the castle waiting for the lowering of the drawbridge. How they danced with the head and said, "You don't really belong here Miss Fit, you really fit. It's the king and the courtiers and ladies-in-waiting who don't fit. You poor thing, but keep your chin up and keep on dancing."

But Little No Speak was smart, and because she was smart she was painfully aware that after the ball they all returned to their village or town. This is why Little No Speak would never attend the balls.

It was the night of the full moon on a Clingsday when Mighty Millie was released. She opened the door to Lost Peak Mountain and remained forever lost. Little No Speak sat and waited, waited and sat. Even through Stuckday when Hilda Hickson opened the door onto Muddyway Lane and returned sad and dirty to the king's castle. Little No Speak never spoke, but she sat in her quiet corner cleaning and pondering the doors in the Hall of Choice. "I don't want the door to the rooftop," she thought, "or the door to Tanglewood Forest, or the door to Muddyway Lane, or the door to Alky Sea, or the door to Lost Peak Mountain. These are the doors of the Miss Fits and I am not a Miss Fit, but, I WONDER WHAT LIES BEHIND THE SIXTH DOOR??????????

Continuing to live out the die now portion of her "Die Now Live Later" Insurance Policy, Little No Speak waits and sits and cleans and ponders in her unhappy quietness unravelling the mystery behind the sixth door.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ms. Beasley's "DIE NOW AND LIVE LATER" is reprinted from WORDS FROM INSIDE '76, the annual publication of the Prison Arts Foundation.

prisoner

by Linda Pyke

Ms. Pyke's poems are reprinted with her kind permission. They are taken from PRISONER, her first book of poems, and published by The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited. This book of fine poems is still available in your favorite bookstore for less than $5.00.

giver of life
taker of life
i must not confuse you with god

the captive prince

i

the bars, concrete
and the years,

barriers of time
and space,

over there,
the sentinels,
rifles erect
and ready,

the courtyard
shadowed
towards evening,

the high wall.

ii

under what strange spell
have you fallen?

you walk in a waking
dream/
you sleep
and dream of freedom.

iii

of course,
you are guilty

(you do not deny),

[illegible]

the straw becomes
[illegible]

iv

we [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
your [illegible]

and now we write back and forth
sooner and sooner as it somehow
this ritual exchange of phrases
and words like [illegible]
could help us transcend touch
one the other

v

[illegible]
we are [illegible]

take courage
[illegible]

but on their side
was god,

we have only eros.

vi

and eros is enough.

vii

sitting upon this chair
(a throne, subtle
instrument of torture):

the arms are your arms,
the seat, your lap,

you contain me
as i, you,

very deep and still,

i am impaled.

viii

and i rock your head
between my thighs,
come to your fingertips,

you become past,
present, future,

everyman/
your face.

ix

and nights
in dreams (yours, mine)
i visit your cell,

i come to that narrow,
celibate bed,

fall upon you
trembling,
hair long and golden,
tumbling,

we are enclosed
in light:

open
as i open,

we enter other realms.

expatriate

you are unimpressed
with us,
you have it all
reversed:

crossing the border,
as through a mirror,
you found chaos,
not peace...

would it help you
if i told you
draft dodgers
have found solace here,
transplanted managers,
pedestrian professors?

canada is a nice place
for the inactive and the bland,

you were just too much for us,
we could not supply
what you had to demand.

still, it's not our fault
you broke the law,
were sent to prison:
our laws are logical,
our prisons, clean.

but now you're always cold
and lonely here,
out of your element
among our books and thought.

you claim even the worst
in america at least
has substance,
in america with certainty
one can hate.

visiting day

remember the film?

bette davis to sing sing,
a moll to her lover,
cigarette
between red lips,
platinum hair
and kohl-black eyes,
part of the role
of loving a bad man,
to seem hard,
unafraid.

and i come to you,
proceed through gates,
bolted doors,
corridors echoing,
concrete underfoot.

the guards,
impartial eyes,

purse searched,
pockets,
for some instrument
crude and lethal.

(all i hide
is my body,
all i bring
is my warmth.)

and i come to you,

brief kiss,
hands touch
all words overheard.

visiting room

i've heard the rumour
that god is for everyone
including sinners,
if one believes in sin,
and yet, i was amazed:

gazing upward, bound for bliss
(your hand in my skirt),
suddenly I saw the light
shafting in through stained glass,
simple motif: blue, green, yellow,
and then, the arching roof,
like countless ribs or bars,
i was afraid.

consider those rural,
ontario men and women,
weary on sundays, come to pray,
consider their parson
knew them all by name,
blessed them into the world and out,
blessed their unions, reunions,
their new-born, their still-born,
blessed, most of all, their land...

and he stood then,
where guards stand now,

your hand in my skirt,
ancient ghosts,
the shadow and the light.

sunday tea

kingston is a city
of many big houses,

but the big house
i approach
has no circular drive,
no hedges, flowers,
ancient stone:

instead it stands,
jumble of connected
building blocks
(white and blue),
the barren field,
wire fence enclosure,

and at tea-time,
we drink
from paper cups,

our servants carry guns.

the trip

it is a slow climb,
this roller-
coaster
ride to you, a self-
perpetuating cycle,
one visit leading
to another,
one visit never enough.

in the van today,
i know i'm wired,
your addict,
hooked on a promise,

or worse,

one of those laboratory
rats, imprisoned,
conditioned
to lever-pressing,
remote-control
masturbation

(some even die that way
-- of exhaustion).

in the van today,
haunches pressed
to leather,
as we climb,
i am a seismograph,
record the slightest
tremor,

and i know when i
arrive, hovering
at the peak,
i know that first
kiss before hello,
before we speak,
will send me hurtling
over the edge,

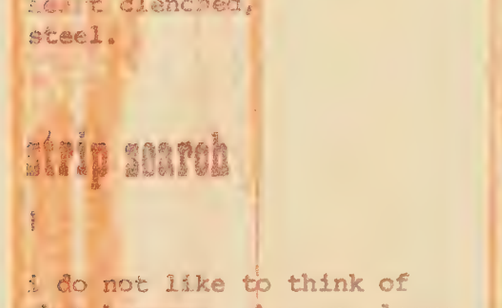
too soon, the swift
descent.

lock-up

treat a man
like an animal,
and he becomes one:
you know that cornered
instinct to survive,
when time is doing you,
parole board says no.

air canada flies
a fellow inmate home,
another jumps the wall,
years pass,
they come
and go.

eleven o'clock:

and all along the range
of cells
echoing lock-up,

fist clenched,
steel.

strip search

i

i do not like to think of
what happens when you leave
when the heavy wooden double doors
swing closed behind you

when i cannot see

when they lead you
off into some private
space have you undress

(here is where your power lies
and here where most vulnerable

thy tender and subversive parts
fur tissue muscle)

men don't care
about such things

i care

i register intrusion

ii

i do not like to think of
afterwards and all the days
between visits when you follow
your course through corridors when you

are stopped questioned
proceed when you greet men
who may be friends

who may be lethal

you wear your body
tentatively

caged monitored
always under threat
this flesh not quite yours
but something to protect

i do not like to think of
when i am not there

when i cannot see

headlines

sunday morning
at breakfast
autumn 1976:

"riot at joyceville",
over the wires comes
the news,
a riot at your prison,
"order is restored,
the convicts are subdued."

by guns? gas?
promises?
method never mentioned,
cause is not established,
no casualties are listed,
and from all accounts
— the warden's press release —
one cannot tell
how serious it is,
this could be attica or less.

i feel like a woman whose
man is at the front,
and who, hearing
of defeat,
must wait,

and as i wait,
there are no bandages to roll,
no veterans to visit,
to take on walks through hospital
grounds, to read to
or write letters

("when the boys come home again..."
no songs of solace).

good and evil,
god and country,
these absolutes do not exist:

the enemy is undefined,
uncertain lines are drawn.

another week:

another uprising
in new westminster,
in quebec,
they're burning laval.

picture it

i

picture me
mary steinhauser,

picture you
andy bruce,

and so do headline heroes
reveal us to ourselves.

ii

i have posed over their smudgy
photograph, always the same
photograph, posed for
at a prison dance,
reproduced in newspapers,
proof,

anywhere else
an ordinary couple.

a man, big as a bear
and handsome, one protective
arm drawn around his woman's
shoulder.

she seems happy,
occupies her space in the photo-
graph, her place beside him,
comfortably, almost
assertive:

it may be crisis
but this moment
where i want to be.

(later she confessed
she feared
for andy and herself.)

iii

picture it:

to pass through those grinding
gates every day,
to confront the machinery
of men,
to know that inside
and out,
there is a cycle
one cannot accuse,
alter.

to begin optimistically
and watch hope
worn away,

to find a man worth saving
(though saving's not the word),
to compromise,
to console with smiles,
with brush of flesh,
the painkiller
not the cure...

iv

i could have been
your mary,

i could have been
their con-lover,
bleeding heart,

we could have met
in my office,
and on government desk,
among forms and memos,
private files,
bodies joined
in subversive dance.

v

i have heard
they are making a movie
of steinhauser/bruce,

perhaps
they will make one
of us!

may they make it
hollywood, make it slick,
a film without end
or filmed with mercy,
freeze frame before
bullets begin.

the hostage

i have adopted
strange habits,

i carve miniature
guns
out of ivory soap,

i secrete still-wrapped
blades
in vagina,

i collect clippings,
confused accounts,
prison escapes,
hostage dramas.

i am grown morbid
with lust/
passion
never far from blood.

over and over
i rehearse the scene:

your sudden burst of heroics
(nothing left to lose),
the waiting, watching guards,
my tender flesh between,

and again we make it
to the highway,
the abandoned car
(warm, narcotic odour,
bodies pressed to leather),
forget to drive away.

ii

subtle hands,
magnetic eyes,
you are
a practised showman:

i believe
you could
saw beautiful women
in half,

you could
extort fortunes
from lonely widows

(lotions, potions, soothing
words, the magic tip
of your tongue),

more than illusion,
will, demon,

you have confessed
your godliness.

iii

and i, who was so easy,
easier than the rest,

i was waiting all along
to be freed by master-touch:

sitting
in a darkened room
nursing dying mother,

lying
in a darkened room
for men to leave and enter.

iii

i have made you
bad man,
made you good,

i have yielded
a thousand nights,

a thrust
is a thrust
and power, my love,

i have tasted
my own sweet blood,
and always
the poem taking shape,

and always
desire and doubt.

iv

some women
will do anything,
held in suspense
by a promise,

some women
will do anything
to serve a god
or devil,

to court the source
of life and death,

your captive,

roles reverse.

but if the bad man
is a myth
(celluloid and soundtrack),

and if this lady poet
was only hungry
for her subject,

and hungry
for more savage cock,

and hungry
for the drama,

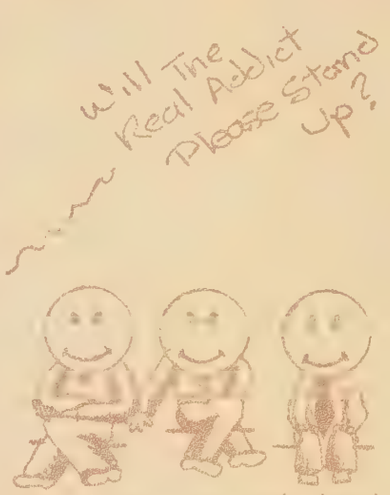
when art becomes confused
with life,
and power is a game,

i dream you
in me to the hilt,

crime,
aphrodisiac.

And yet, there are more problems today than ever before. Surely, Congress must have had some profound insight into the harmful effects of heroin, morphine and opium, right? On the contrary, it has proven impossible to precisely identify any significant harmful effects of the drugs themselves. In 1962, the Supreme Court maintained that: "to be a confirmed drug addict is to be one of the walking dead...the teeth have rotted out, the appetite is lost, and the stomach and intestines don't function properly. The gall bladder becomes inflamed; yes and skin turns a bilious yellow; in some cases membranes of the nose turn a flaming red; the partition separating nostils is eaten away -- breathing is difficult. Oxygen in the blood decreases; bronchitis and turberculosis develop. Good traits of character disappear and bad ones emerge. Sex organs become affected. Veins collapse and livid purplish scars remain. Nerves snap; vicious twitching develops. Imaginary and fantastic fears blight the mind and sometimes complete insanity results. Oftentimes, too, death comes -- much too early in life... Such is the torment of being a drug addict; such is the plague of being one of the walking dead."

Brecher concludes, however that "the scientific basis for this opinion ...is not easy to find." Indeed, one study he cites compiled by Dr. George Stevenson reported: "To our surprise we have not been able to locate even one scientific study on the proved harmful effects of addiction." Stevenson searched through The Traffic in Narcotics by U.S. Commissioner of Narcotics Harry Anslinger, but that study's only reference to the alleged harmful effects was to a "decrease in the potential social productivity of the addict." And even this was supported by scientific evidence. So he and his associates wrote to key authorities in the field,who responded: "that there was not real evidence of brain damage or other serious organic disease resulting from the continued use of narcotics, but that there was undoubted psychological and social damage. However, they made no differentiation between such damage as might be caused by narcotics and that which might have been present before addiction, or might have been caused by other factors. Moreover, they were unable to direct us to any actual studies on the alleged harmful effects of narcotic drugs."



In view of the total lack of sound support by the U.S. or other governments for their allegations against drug addicts, it can only be assumed that they have taken the alleged harmful effects for granted. The body of evidence leads to only one conclusion: nearly all the deleterious effects attributed to opiates are actually, as Brecher writes, "effects of the narcotics laws instead."

Hepatitis and other diseases are caused by use of unsterile syringes in injecting heroin -- a practice made necessary only because American heroin is only 3-4% pure. Diseases were transferred from addict to addict by the same method. Teeth were rotted because inadequate dental care, caused by addicts spending their money on heroin instead. Skin discoloration was caused by the unsanitary surroundings and malnutrition of addicts was another result of maintaining an expensive habit. Addicts cannot usually hold jobs, because of the uncertainty under prohibition of not knowing where the next fix is coming from. In rare cases when addicts have been able to obtain a regular supply, at modest prices, there are no apparent harmful effects.

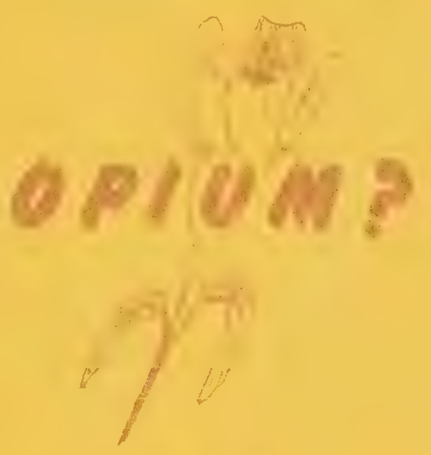
Dr. William Halstead, for example, often called one of the fathers of American surgery, and a founder of John Hopkins Medical Center, was a morphine addict much of his adult life -- over 30 years. Yet, during this time, not only did no one but a few close friends know he was an addict, but he performed some of his most brilliant operations, dying only in his late 70's. In Vietnam, commanding officers could not tell which G.I.s were addicted to heroin; it took a urine test to find out. The evidence is overwhelming: in the absence of scientific tests or the heroin "tracks," it is virtually impossible to tell an addict in terms of physical appearance or behavior. Controlled tests have shown there is no organic damage when opiates are used over a long time, and there is no intellectual deterioration, either. In fact, there are cases of prominent doctors, lawyers, politicians and others who have been addicts for most of their lives with no im-

pairment of functioning capabilities. As Edward Brecher concludes: "There is general agreement throughout the medical and psychiatric literature that the overall effects of opium, morphine and heroin on the addict's mind and body under conditions of low price and ready availability are on the whole amazingly bland."

These conditions are what the libertarian remedy would allow to flourish.

We realize that it is not a question of having vs. eliminating drug use. Drug use will not be eliminated. The economics of the narcotics traffic under prohibition insures that it will not be stopped. The question is whether to tolerate drug usage under the mild conditions of low price and accessibility or whether to continue to bear the costly burden of a counterproductive war on drugs that will serve only to further enrich the criminals who supply addicts at exorbitant non-market prices.

When an addict paid an average of 2.5 cents per day for 2 or 3 grains of morphine in the 19th century there was no drug problem. Now, when a smuggler can obtain heroin overseas at less than a cent per bag and sell it in the U.S. at a mark-up of several thousand percent, drugs are big business, amounting to billions of dollars a year. The traffic cannot be stopped by import controls, which must somehow ferret out less than 10 tons of heroin a year from total imports of thousands of tons and millions of people entering through customs.



But if the sheer futility of America's (and Canada's) expensive "drug war" isn't argument enough for repeal, then the inestimable social costs should be. For the artificially high prices of illegal drugs have unleashed a reign of terror in our cities. Because fencing stolen goods brings a return of only a fraction of their value, an addict must steal $200 worth of loot a day to support a $50 habit. The threat of severe punishment, plus the addict's general anxiety and uncertainty about getting his next fix, increases the likelihood of violence. The high risk at the same time creates huge profits for dealers and increases the probability of massive police corruption. On top of all this, add the widespread destruction of addicts' lives, and one would think there is a solid case for abolishing drug laws.

But still people are not convinced. They tell us we must stop addicts from harming themselves. But doesn't prison harm them just as much? They tell us we must get the pushers off the streets. But these drug salesmen are on the street only because of the profits made possible by drug laws.

But there is another, more important reason why libertarians want to legalize the use, production and sale of all drugs, a reason having nothing to do with the effects of the drugs or even the impracticality of current drug laws. For libertarians, every person owns his or her own body, and no one owns the body of any other person. Everyone should be permitted to do whatever he or she wishes, so long as force is not used or threatened against others. If a person owns his own body, then he has the right to put in it whatever he chooses, and must be held responsible for the results.

If a person is harmed by a substance that person chooses to consume, then at least that harm is the direct result and consequences of his or her choices and actions. To substitute the harm of the State for self-harm is grotesque. What's more, once any measure of control over one's body is surrendered to the government, a precedent is established that can lead to total control. As the late Professor Ludwig von Mises wrote in Human Action: "...Opium and morphine are certainly dangerous, habit forming drugs. But once the principle is admitted that it is the duty of government to protect the individual against his own foolishness, no serious objections can be advanced against further encroachments. A good case could be made out in favor of the prohibition of alcohol and nicotine. And why limit the government's benevolent providence to the protection of the individual's body only? Is not the harm a man can inflict on his mind and soul even more disastrous than any bodily evils? Why not prevent him from reading bad books, and seeing bad plays, from looking at bad paintings and statues and from hearing bad music? The mischief done by bad ideologies, surely, is much more pernicious, than that done by narcotic drugs."

"These fears are not merely imaginary spectres terrifying secluded doctrinaires. It is a fact that no paternal government, whether ancient or modern, ever shrank from regimenting its subject's minds, beliefs and opin-

lons. If one abolishes man's freedom to determine his own consumption, then one takes all freedoms away. The naive advocates of government interference with consumption delude themselves when they neglect what they disdainfully call the philosophical aspect of the problem. They unwittingly support the case of censorship, inquisition, religious intolerance, and the persecution of dissenters."

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is a condensed version of a much longer paper presented recently in New York, and is reprinted with the kind permission of both Mr. Childs and LIBERTY, a publication of the Libertarian Party, 1515 P Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

A FREE SOCIETY continued...

I'M LEARNING TO PLAY

I discovered an astounding fact when I reduced my hours of working for pay. I experienced a big increase in my freedom. Now I don't get up in the morning until I feel like it. I let my hair and beard grow. I wear any clothes I wish. I sometimes go barefoot. I don't ask permission when I go on a trip. I eat whatever and whenever I please. I got rid of my TV, stereo, radio and my phone. I now do my own thinking. I sold my car. (Dear Reader, please don't think that I'm asking you to do what I do. It only feels right for me. I can't know what will feel right for you.) I stopped wearing a watch and am getting a new concept about time. I swear whenever I wish. I like to walk railroad tracks. Some days I do absolutely nothing on purpose. I may walk all the way to Argentina and back. I get much pleasure from my walking. e.g. During a long walk it never ceases to amaze and delight me when I look back occasionally and see how far I've come.

I have rediscovered a childhood joy -- whistling. It's more fun now than ever and it's free (and no batteries, ha ha). I sometimes hunt in rubbish boxes and even go to art galleries. My wife and I are divorced. I lived with another beautiful woman. I find joy in living alone. I'm learning how much fun cooking can be. I may build a sail boat and travel with the wind. I now take time to see beautiful clouds and sunsets. I see the trees blossom and even ripples in the sand, snow or water. I admire a beautiful stone and leave it. I see some beautiful people. I now do more of what pleases me. I'm discovering and expanding my freedom, and enjoying it.

I get tremendously good feelings when I learn something new about myself or about life or get new insights into how things are or how things could be, especially when I've learned them by my own observations or deductions -- feelings of power over my own destiny -- independence.

WHY?

The reason why you, I and others will help to teach the Free System idea is that we can see how we will be better off with the Free System than we are with the Pay System.

WHAT?

What is there to stop the Free System? When policemen and soldiers understand the Free System they will know that they will be better off with it. They will not try to stop it but will help us. The rich people will be better off with the Free System too, because they'll still have everything they want but won't have the burdens that go along with retaining power. It isn't a matter of fighting for what we want. No need at all for a revolution. In the long run "everyone" will be better off with the Free System. Change-over will happen if we help enough people become aware of this logical alternative.

Unawareness of the Free System and lack of hope that it can be accomplished, I believe, are our main obstacles. We overcome the first by just doing our best to teach as many people as thoroughly as we can. We give people hope by our example.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Mann is the publisher of the LITTLE FREE PRESS of Minneapolis, Minnesota and this article is reprinted with his kind permission. He also offers it free to anyone else who might want it.

THE FIRST AMERICANS continued...

feeling they were very close to nature: they loved and respected their fellow man, and they only killed for survival. Scientifically, in some ways they were more advanced than the Europeans who came to molest their simple way of life. The Aztecs of Mexico built huge structures of stone that still stand. The Mayans had a calendar more accurate than the one we use today; their astronomical feats kept the Europeans in awe. Farming methods and products of the Incas, the Mayans, and the Toltecs were quickly transported back to Europe. Medicine practised by the Sioux, the Apache, the Iriquois and the Algonquin was unheard of in Europe. Methods of hunting and fishing by most of the tribes astonished the invaders.

But these marauders didn't come to learn: they came to conquer, seeking gold, and to bring men, all men, to Christianity. Everything after that was a bonus,a plus written in the blood of men, women and children. Scalping wasn't a Native tradition; they never heard of it until the colonial governments started their mass extermination programs -- these white barbarians paid for the tops of men's heads.

I bet most of you reading this article think Wounded Knee is a crippled Indian; well, it ain't... Wounded Knee is in North Dakota, in fact its very close to the Little Big Horn in Wyoming. I'll bet you've heard of the Little Big Horn, and none of you think it has anything to do with a trumpet. Of course not, because, as Marshall McLuhan would say,you've been sucked in by the medium of the Silver Screen: it was Red Cloud, not John Wayne (Bless His soul), who said, "Today is a good day to die" just before he amassed the Sioux Nation for one last stand against the Long Knives. And it was Sitting Bull, who devised the strategy at what the Whites called "the massacre at the Little Big Horn," not Metro-Goldwin-Mayer. Massacre is another word many take exception to: if the Whites won, it was always a great victory; but when the Sioux killed everyone in Custer's 7th Calvary,it was all of a sudden a massacre. As a show of contempt the Sioux did leave one living thing at the Big Horn -- a horse, whose name oddly enough was Commanche.

Wounded Knee is a story with two episodes: the first took place in 1890, when most of the Plains Indians were either shipped or being shipped to reservations. Wovoka, a Nevada Piaute,a member of the Sioux Nation, had had a grand vision from which he predicted a Messiah for all the Indians. Immediately, the

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Ghost Dance (a dance that conjured up old warrior spirits from the past) was initiated by this seer; he led his people in search of their pride. Plains Indians answered the call for a renewal in the fighting. The calvary in an all-out effort, slaughtered 300 men, women and children at Wounded Knee for fear that the fighting would start up again. After this slaughter, the Nations of the Sioux lost their spirit and buckled under to the White man's demands. Sand Creek... Wounded Knee... slaughter... murder ... hunger... strife... the end was apparent; the Whiteman had finally won. The once mighty nations of the Sioux were now demoralized; and it wasn't until late in the 1960's when the Sioux Nation rose again -- and what better place to have one more showdown but at Wounded Knee?

Most of the participants were Viet Nam vets, and all were eager for a showdown with the state and federal governments over aboriginal land claims and civil rights. Their last stand took place in this little North Dakota town, while the whole world was watching. They, of course, lost the physical battle, but what does that mean -- so did Japan and Germany, and look at them now. The Sioux had a point to prove and they proved it. They had a story to tell and they told it. Their point was clear: no longer were Native Americans going to be raped by White law. They were here first and this is their land. Why should they live on reservations and eat humble pie? Why not sue state and federal governments for what is rightfully theirs through heritage. One final time the Natives laid down their guns, and armed themselves with the White man's law. It was useless to try and fight with guns, now it was up to the courts, the highest courts in the land. The same law that raped them would now restore their lands and their pride. Their lands are being restored in the form of dollars. This money is used for a general upgrading of the tribe, both monetarily and socially. The pride comes back through observation of their history and glorious past.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

In writing this paper I learned many pertinant facts. I tried to remain unbiased at all times, especially while reading the RA EXPEDITIONS, written by Thor Heyerdahl. I personally think Heyerdahl may have solved the Legend of Quetzalcoatl. In this legend the Aztecs of Mexico believed that white men with hair on their faces, and who were believed to be Gods, would come to their land in wind-driven boats. When the Conquistidors arrived, it was this legend alone that kept them alive, and finally it was this legend that enabled a handfull of Spanish invaders to overthrow the Aztec Empire.

I learned of this legend in a history class, and I found it to be no more than an amusing superstition; now, I'm not so sure. I do believe there is more to this legend than superstition, especially after reading the RA EXPEDITIONS, and I feel relaxed in the idea that more than one race of people did inhabit some areas of Central and South America. However, the people of Mongolia who crossed the Bering Strait, did also inhabit areas of Central and South America, and there is more scientific proof, at least at the present time, to safely say, "If there was only one race in the Western Hemisphere, it was the people of Mongolia. But, if there were more than one, then I feel the people of Mesopotamia were the other. But they came after the Mongolians crossed the Bering Strait."

SOME AVAILABLE BOOKS IN LIBRARY:

Book of Indians, William Brandon; Indians of Canada, Diamond Jennes; Heroes of the American Indian, Sol Sempter; Great Indian Chiefs, Albert Roland; Ra Expeditions, Thor Heyerdahl.

The government believes that it can get away with a lot of highly questionable conduct

SPORT SECTION

mike moore

THE SPORTS SCENE AT THE INSTITUTION HAS BEEN QUITE ACTIVE THESE PAST couple of months, with all participants displaying lots of drive, competiveness and exceptional teamplay.

FIELD DAY took place on the August 3rd weekend and because of outstanding efforts by the INMATE COMMITTEE, the RECREATION STAFF, VOLUNTEER WORKERS, THE PARTICIPANTS THEMSELVES and the entire population, it can be termed as quite successful.

UNIT EIGHT captured the PARTICIPATION AWARD with a 53 percent effort.
SECOND PLACE went to UNIT [illegible], followed by UNITS ELEVEN and TEN.

UNIT EIGHT was victorious in ALL THE TUG-O-WAR DIVISIONS.

RACQUET BALL SINGLES were won by JOHN WHALEN.
RACQUET BALL DOUBLES went to JOHN WHALEN and GLEN THOMPSON.

HANDBALL SINGLES showed GARY CUMMINGS as the best.
HANDBALL DOUBLES were taken by GREG SCOTT and ART NELLIGAN.

HORSESHOE SINGLES champion was JOHN DIONNE.
HORSESHOE DOUBLES winners were RECORD SOCK and JIM PETERS.

The 50 YARD DASH was won by [illegible] DAVIS.
So was the 100 YARD DASH.
MEL REDDICK took the 220 YARD DASH easily.
He did the same in the 440 YARD DASH.
The 880 YARD RELAY was grabbed by UNIT EIGHT'S MURRAY CRUICKSHANKS, DENNY STATES, RICKY ROACH and JOE [illegible].
The 1 MILE RACE was taken by JEAN-MARC BOUTIN and so was the 3 MILE RACE
5 MILEs of RELAY racing was won by NUMBER NINE'S STEVE WASHINGTON, JIM SELLERS, JACK MacDONALD, [illegible] SMITH and RAY MOONEY.

The DISCUSS THROW was easily grabbed by GEORGE SOCK, and his mighty arm won him the SHOT PUT too.
The BROAD JUMP [illegible] were all like to be good at, was taken by DANA WRIGHT.
RICKY ROACH flew over the HIGH JUMP, taking first place.
The BALL THROW put J.P. MCLANSON out there all by himself, with a FIRST PLACE toss.

The SACK RACE was a [illegible]-the-bag for GARY GEAR.
The 3-LEGGED RACE went to DEVEAU and TORRIE.
The BLINDFOLDED RACE was grabbed by fleet-footed, far-sighted OSMOND.
The WHEELBARROW RACE-ing saw GERRY STENNETT putting ARNIE ANDREWS over by a nose to win first place.
The EGG AND SPOON RACE was handled by MAC MacDONALD.
LARRY PRETTY toddled over the finish line in the OLDTIMER'S SACK RACE.

WEIGHTLIFTING

Bantam Division - PAUL CHAFE
Lightweight Division - ART BERNARD
Middleweight Division - SIMON FITZGERALD
Lightheavy Division - GERRY KINSELLA
Heavyweight Division - DALE VAUGHAN

BEST ATHLETE AWARD - JEAN-MARC BOUTIN

SPORTSMANSHIP AWARD - MURRAY CRUICKSHANKS

A note of thanks goes out to Field Marshall AL BALTZER for the fine input he had on Field Day. His efforts had a lot to do with the smooth running day we all had.

A deep-down thanks to DAVE TOWLER and HARRY HOLLETT for sharing their expertise at the barbecue pits. They sure gave it a good shot and the steaks were fine.

SOFTBALL STANDINGS

THE SOFTBALL LEAGUES HAVE BEEN PLAYING WELL TO DATE, PROVIDING BALL FANS with good entertainment and the material needed for those much desired heated discussions over who will be the victor.

Tha "A" LEAGUE regular schedule came to a close in fine fashion this season as it took a final game between UNIT EIGHT and UNIT TEN to have a winner declared. Going into the final contest UNIT EIGHT held a two-point lead and needed the win to capture first place honours.

The heavily favoured NUMBER TEN squad was confident of victory after playing very strong for their last nine games, but they failed to evaluate correctly the strong defensive play of NUMBER EIGHT and the fine pitching of DENNY STATES, which eventually proved to be their doom.

UNIT EIGHT hitters jumped on starter JUNIOR MARSHALL for four runs in the bottom of the first inning and never looked back. After six complete innings the NUMBER EIGHT squad held a comfortable 8-2 lead, but in the top of the 7th UNIT TEN made a noble attempt to tie the game with four runs scored and runners on second and third with two out. STATES took complete control again by striking out the last batter, saving the victory and giving UNIT EIGHT first place.

THE FINAL STANDINGS WERE:

	G.P.	W.	L.	PTS.
UNIT EIGHT	20	13	7	26
UNIT TEN	20	11	9	22
UNIT NINE	20	8	12	16
UNIT ELEVEN	20	8	12	16

The play-offs will see UNIT EIGHT play UNIT ELEVEN, and UNIT TEN playing UNIT NINE with the winners meeting for the play-off title.

Bon Chance to all involved.

THE "B" LEAGUE STARTED THE SEASON WITH FIVE TEAMS, BUT DUE TO LACK OF interest, has dropped to a three team league. Competing for the title are NUMBER EIGHT'S WILSONS, NUMBER EIGHT'S ROVERS and NUMBER TEN'S THERAPUTES. Due to incomplete compiling of statistics, it is not possible for me to give you the standings, but I have been fortunate enough to view some of the games and present indications show that NUMBER TEN IS THE TEAM TO WATCH FOR.

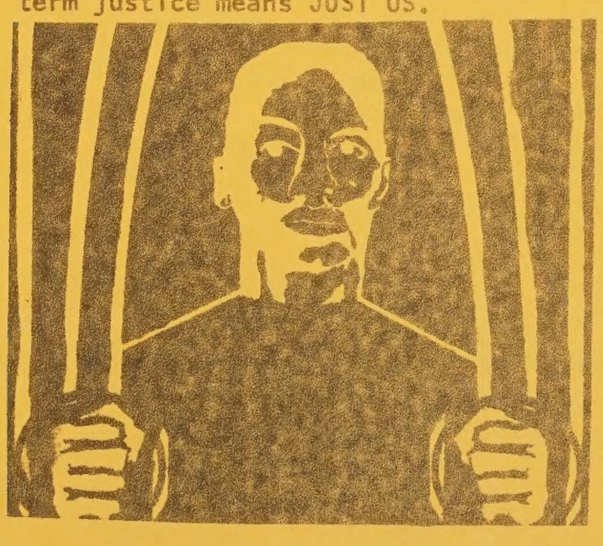
The SPRINGHILL ANGELS competed in the SPRINGHILL INVITATIONAL FASTBALL TOURNAMENT in July and although the team was not fortunate enough to win, they did contribute a very strong showing with a 2-2 win-loss record. Congratulations are due the team for their respectable performance.

That's all in the way of sports for now Folks;and as HOWARD COSELL would say, It's never Good-bye, It's Au Revoir."

EDITORIAL (continued...)

Another pertinent fact is that parole releases have been drastically cut back. Between 1972 and 1976, the National Parole Board released 41 percent fewer people on full parole. It is also true that less than 35 percent of those who applied for parole last year got it. Not only does this mean that parole is a lot harder to get than it used to be, but it is also much more difficult to get one that puts a person out any significant length of time before they would have been incidentally released on mandatory supervision. The cutting back on parole releases is all a part of the larger picture already outlined above, and as part of that picture works no better than the total situation does -- at least not if you consider the results in terms of the expressed intent of the System, namely to change offenders into non-offenders, prisoners into non-prisoners.

There are things that do work, some of which happen around this institution and are reported upon in this issue and will be focused upon in coming ones; but it is all too easy to fall into a hostile perspective that leads people to believe in the "NOTHING WORKS" attitude. This situation is going to continue as long as the conditions that created the attitude do, for as long as people are being abused and put through by the so-called "justice" system, for as long as the people who get incarcerated are treated as though they are the only ones in society who have screwed up, for as long as incarcerated offenders are made to feel they are being held responsible for what ails society, while the real criminals are those who manipulate whole societies and create conditions that make committing an illegal and destructive act a seemingly logical and proper choice, for as long as the term justice means JUST US.



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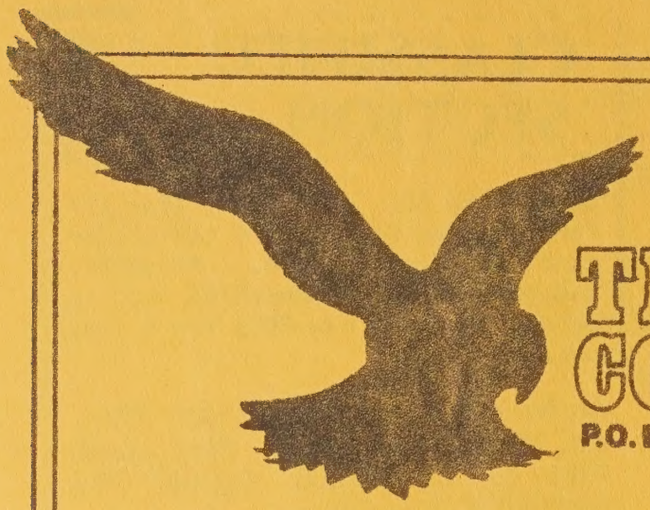

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